JAN 3 1948

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

Vol. XXXIV. No. 875. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	461
BRITAIN'S BAD BARGAIN	463
CONGRESS AND THE MARSHALL PLAN. By Richard Strout	464
ANTWERP BRIGADE. By Sagittarius	464
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	465
THIS ENGLAND	465
CRISIS IN ITALY	466
THE LAW AND FASCISM. By Elwyn Jones, M.P.	467
THE PARABLE OF THE BUTTONS. By Erich Kästner	467
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Idomeneo at Oxford. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	468
The Theatre. By T. C. Worsley	468
The Movies. By William Whitebait	468
Ram Gopal. By Beryl de Zoete	469
Radio Notes. By Henry Reed	469
CORRESPONDENCE	469
From Leonard Woolf; R. H. S. Crossman, M.P.; Lady Allen of Hurtwood; George G. Markstein and others; C. M. Woodhouse; T. E. M. McKitterick; and St. John Ervine.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	Page 472
REVIEWS:	
Stalin. By Edward Crankshaw	473
Children's Books. By Frances Bird	474
Footnotes to History. By Raymond Mortimer	475
Japanese Family. By John Morris	475
More About Rimbaud. By G. D. Painter	476
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West	476
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	478

HERE WE GO ROUND THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH

PUBLIC opinion has now grown to accept "public disagreements publicly arrived at" as the only formula applicable to the peacemaking after the second world war. It is widely assumed, for instance, that Mr. Marshall and Mr. Molotov came to London simply in order to disagree, to break off negotiations, and to return to the organisation of a two-bloc world. Such over-simplifications are gainsaid by the turn which the conference took after Mr. Molotov's written statement of the Soviet Union's attitude to the German economic problem. Wearily and haphazardly, but with an obvious desire to avoid an irretrievable break, each Foreign Minister has been repeating his well-worn arguments on the subject of reparations, apparently in the persistent hope that repetition may produce a miraculous break in the deadlock. Meanwhile, in Germany and outside, the plans are touched up which will be put into operation by America—and, it may be, Russia—in the event of a breakdown at Lancaster House. The Americans, for instance, announce that they have already printed a new currency for "Trizonia"; and apparently agreement has been reached between Washington and London for the assumption by the U.S.A. of all dollar responsibilities in Western Germany in return for American paramountcy in policy questions.

Both sides feel in their bones that the conference is bound to fail and that it will never meet again in its present form. They are therefore preparing the political warfare platform for the moment of breakdown. But equally strongly they dread the consequences of disagreement, and realise that, even if the conference fails, the break cannot be absolute. Inter-zonal trade and many other forms of practical co-operation must continue. The sharp black-and-white of ideological debate shades off into dirty grey in the world of everyday business problems. Issues which in propaganda can be simplified into moral right and wrong become smudged with expediency in the practical tasks of organising a divided Europe.

This is the reason why the debates in Lancaster House and in the Communist and anti-Communist press proceed on different levels. Hungry millions on both sides of the dividing line must be prepared for the appalling sacrifices involved in failure by arguments designed to show that the other fellow is the villain of the piece, and that the division of Europe will lead to his ultimate defeat. But Mr. Marshall and Mr. Molotov are probably aware that this attitudinising contains a strong element of bluff, and each of them secretly fears that time may be against them. Hence the lingering hankering for a settlement, and the deliberate policy of not finalising disagreement. When the conference ends, it will do so "not with a bang but a whimper." For ideological man is a "hollow man," and the old guy of T. S. Eliot's poem cannot change propaganda stones into the bread which Communists and anti-Communists equally need.

The Russians are undoubtedly aware that, if they permit the Conference to end with a dramatic bang, this will merely lead to speedier implementation of the Marshall Plan, and renewed efforts by the sixteen nations to create a viable Western Europe including a reconstructed Ruhr. Marxist theory may prove that this is ultimately impossible, but the Russians by now undoubtedly fear that in the short term Marshall dollars will succeed—at least in establishing reactionary regimes as bases for Trumanism in much of Western Europe.

The Americans, on the other hand, are apprehensive lest the Marshall Plan may fail. They realise that it makes demands on the U.S.A. incompatible either with free enterprise or the politics of a Presidential year, and they know that the dollars and goods which Congress will make available are quite insufficient to put Western Europe on its feet without extensive trade with the Eastern Bloc. Fortunately for the future of mankind, neither side has the resources to buy up mercenaries throughout the area of their ideological "cold war," nor the manpower to fill every strategic vacuum. The nations living in Western Europe still have room for manœuvre, because the blocs are not as firm or as ideological as they pretend to be, or as confident of ultimate victory. Nor is either of them prepared to accept the consequences of a complete dichotomy of Germany and Europe. Foreign Ministers' Conference or no Foreign Ministers' Conference, negotiations will have to continue; practical business arrangements will have to be made between the Powers in Berlin; Trizonia will have to trade with the Eastern Zone and Western Europe with the Russian bloc. Those who care for the survival of Britain will not regard such dealings as unwelcome aberrations from high moral principle, but as glimmerings of reason in the dance round the gooseberry bush; and they will seek to strive against the polarisation of the world by ensuring that as many ends are left as loose as possible in the packaging of a divided Germany in a divided Europe.

Truce in France

The retreat sounded by the C.G.T. on Tuesday evening has resulted in what looks like an industrial Truce of Amiens. When the order for a general resumption of work was given, the solidarity of the strikes had not yet been decisively broken: there were still at least a million men out, and practically the whole of the French northern coalfields were in the hands of strike committees. There were, however, signs that, mainly under pressure of hunger, the strikes were beginning to crumble; and, though the final offer made by the Socialist Minister of Labour, M. Daniel Mayer, was at first declared by the National Strike Committee to be unacceptable, increasing numbers in the trade unions were probably coming round to the view that to stay out meant staying out of wages and food for political motives which may have fitted a Cominform directive, but were neither clear nor convincing. Has M. Schuman obtained from the C.G.T. the "unconditional surrender" at which he aimed? To draw that inference from the ending of the strike would be an error. In the terms of M. Mayer's revised offer, which must presumably be taken as the basis of "settlement," the C.G.T. can claim substantial gains: an enhanced monthly cost-of-living allowance will operate from November 24; increased family allowances will be

granted to strikers as well as non-strikers; a higher minimum wage is to come into effect from December 1; and the Government agrees to postpone its proposals for freezing wages until next June and meanwhile to endeavour to stabilise prices. Against this, the Strike Committee has had to abandon its demand for the cancellation of the anti-strike Acts, and there is no guarantee that the increase in the minimum wage will amount to the 25 per cent. which the C.G.T. claimed, or that between now and next June there will be the periodic revisions of wages on a cost-of-living sliding scale which was one of the strikers' original demands. In the sense that it has refused to capitulate to direct action, the Government may claim that it has won; but there is an ominous note in the final communiqué of the National Strike Committee which calls on the workers to be ready for "bitter battles ahead." The Communist-led unions in the C.G.T. seem to have in mind the dictum of Clausewitz that one lost battle does not mean a lost war and that "there is always still time to die." Everything now turns on whether M. Schuman's Government can make effective use of the interim aid which it will receive from the United States. If it can stabilise food prices, the very real issue of utterly inadequate wages which was the original incentive of the strikers may be solved; and this might result in the non-Communist *Force Ouvrière* fraction, led by M. Jouhaux, within the C.G.T. gaining in influence. But will this Government of the Right-Centre show unity on any policy save that of negative opposition to Communism? Can it deal with peasant hoarding and the black market? Under constant pressure, as it will be, from the extreme Right, can it take firm steps to ensure that the burden of hard times in France is evenly borne?

East European Concentration

The travels of Marshal Tito—first to Bulgaria, next to Hungary, and this week to Rumania—are clearly accelerating the full implementation of plans for a great measure of political and economic unification between the Danubian and Balkan States. Federal union may be regarded as a very long-term objective; and it is doubtful whether Poland or, still less, Czechoslovakia is yet ready for such a step. The immediate aim seems rather to be the conclusion of comprehensive, interlocking treaties of friendship and mutual aid, the progressive elimination of tariff barriers and the fitting together, on complementary lines, of the various national economic plans —illustrated by the arrival in Sofia of a Yugoslav delegation charged with working out schemes for joint planning of the Yugoslav and Bulgarian metallurgical industries. The economic unification of the Danube valley is an ideal which progressive minds in all countries have long favoured, and the structure, of which Marshal Tito is now chief architect, is commendable. What we must regret is that those who now control the destinies of this concentration of Eastern European States should so ruthlessly maintain the traditional Balkan disregard for individual liberty, and that the new organisation should be impregnated with the idea of aggressive defence against the Western world. But here the price is being paid for the part which the Powers in the past have traditionally played in promoting Balkan separatism in their own strategic and economic interests.

Trumanism in Greece

From wholesale executions of political prisoners and the illegal arrest and exile to the islands of thousands of its opponents — Communist, Socialist, and liberal—the "broadened" Greek Government chosen by the U.S. State Department to act as the agent of the Truman Doctrine in Greece has moved steadily on towards the suppression of the Greek trade union movement. Hundreds of Labour leaders have been arbitrarily deported; unions have been compelled under threat of the proclamation of martial law to cancel orders for strikes for higher wages; and now the Greek Parliament has passed an Act forbidding all strikes and imposing heavy punishments, including the death penalty, for those who "instigate" them. The arguments now proceeding in our correspondence columns about the value of E.A.M. aid to the Allies and the degrees of violence admittedly practised in the past by both extremist groups seem remote. The question is whether Mr. Bevin, with his record of loyalty to the trade union movement, can allow these Fascist activities to continue under the protection of British arms. It is too much to hope that the American Mission in Greece will do anything to liberalise the Greek regime. Its head, Mr. Griswold, who is said to be on the point of resigning, is himself powerless to do anything to clear up the economic and fiscal chaos which Greek reactionaries, in league with black-marketeers and ex-collaborators, have created; and U.S. Ambassador MacVeagh, who calls the tune so far as American influence is concerned, seems interested only in seeing the military aspects of the Truman Doctrine in Greece carried out. So long as British troops remain in Greece, and so long as the British Foreign Secretary utters no word of disapproval of the Government's campaign of violence and terror, how can we persuade the Greeks or the rest of the world that Britain stands for any constructive alternative to drift, suppression and terrorism?

Partition and Evacuation

On the eve of the Palestine debate, begun after we go to press, it was an open secret that the Government has decided to terminate the Mandate before evacuation is completed, and that the port of Haifa will have to be retained under British military control after the Jewish State has been established. There will therefore be a short period during which the United Nations Commission, already at work in New York, will be working in Palestine alongside the Palestine administration. During these weeks the complete transfer of power must be pushed through, and success or failure will depend very largely on the co-operation between Britain and the Commission in this crucial period. It can be assumed, we believe, that the Cabinet will now, without formally accepting partition as a solution, do everything in its power to facilitate the work of the Commission and to reduce the inevitable confusion to a minimum. But the Arab riots, which show no sign of diminishing, show clearly enough the need for an international police force to replace the British troops if the Commission is to have any chance of success. The failure of the Americans to support the Guatemalan proposal for a force composed of contingents from smaller Powers, seems to us extremely shortsighted.

The Wages Question

The Government and the trade unions appear to be edging slowly in the direction of some general discussion on the wages question; but the advance made so far is infinitesimal. The truth is that both sides are afraid of the issue, and will avoid coming to grips with it for as long as they possibly can. Up to the present the trade unions, conscious of the seriousness of the external economic position and anxious to avoid any tampering with the food subsidies, have been very careful indeed not to use the huge powers which the shortage of labour puts in their hands; and, as long as they take this line, it suits the Government to say and do as little as possible. For, on the Government side, there is the fear that, if the general issue is mixed, there will be sharp differences between trade union views and capitalist views about priorities in the distribution of the national income; and a policy which depends on maintaining incentives to private enterprise as well as to labour may easily break down if rival principles are plainly stated instead of remaining muffled up. The effort, however, of burking the issue is that it is very difficult to offer any differential inducements to attract workers from less to more essential occupations; and it is in any case doubtful how long trade union leaders will be able to sit on the heads of their members who still think it is a trade union's business to get as much as it can for them out of the capitalist employer. Pretty soon now, the issue that has been so long evaded will have to be faced, especially if further price rises in America begin to send the cost of living here up to an appreciable extent.

Progress in India

Although India and Pakistan have not yet resolved their dispute over Kashmir, tension between them has been considerably eased in other respects. The withdrawal of the British element from the Joint Defence Council has not led, as was commonly expected, to its collapse. Instead, the Dominions have seen the necessity of retaining it in order to continue the smooth re-allocation of the stores and effects of the old Indian Army. This in itself is a tribute to the remarkable work of Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck who, as the last British C.-in-C., fought more passionately and successfully for the interests of Indians in the Indian Army than any other British general before him. In Hyderabad a potentially dangerous situation has been averted by the signing of a year's "stand still" agreement between that State and India. It is not a final solution, nor is the question of ultimate accession decided, but it does avoid any difficulties with Pakistan and check any immediate tendencies towards outbreaks of communalism in a part of India hitherto unaffected by them. In the Punjab relations between the two governments are improving. The region is quiet and the work of reconstruction is proceeding steadily, if slowly. From all the other danger spots—Calcutta, Bengal, Bombay, and the United Provinces—no trouble is reported. Finally, comprehensive financial and refugee property agreements between the two Dominions have been amicably negotiated in New Delhi. Taking the enormous area and problems of India as a whole the two new Governments are to be congratulated on the businesslike way in which they have succeeded in overcoming the initial obstacles that confronted them. Newspapers which were so quick to condemn them for disasters largely outside their control might now have the grace to praise them for what they have achieved. Having made sensations out of the miseries of India, they might print items of good news even if the result was to give credit to the Labour Government for its Indian policy.

Your friends abroad

should be among those who are writing to say how much they enjoy getting their copy of THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION each week. We are making this easier by a special Christmas Gift offer. You may send this journal for SIX MONTHS (26 issues) to any friends abroad who, to your knowledge, are not already getting it. The SPECIAL GIFT RATES are:—

BY POST (surface mail) to any address outside the U.K. for SEVEN SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE or 3 subscriptions for £1

BY AIRMAIL to any address in EUROPE for FIFTEEN SHILLINGS or 3 subscriptions for £2

BY AIR to any address in N. AMERICA for TWENTY-TWO & SIXPENCE or 3 subscriptions for £3

Address subscriptions to

'GIFTS' NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Good News About Coal

Mr. Gaitskell, in a speech last week-end, set the coal target for 1948 at 14 million tons over this year's—an increase of 7 per cent.—including 10 million tons more for exports and bunkers. The following day Mr. Arthur Horner went one better, prophesying that in a year from now we should have brought our export capacity up to 15 million tons, and that in less than two years we should be back to our pre-war exports of 50 million tons. All this, if we can put faith in it, is vastly encouraging; and there is enough evidence behind it to do something towards warming our hearts, as well as Europe's furnaces and homes—to say nothing of our own. It is an undoubted fact that the miners are now doing a fine job, and that nationalisation is beginning to show itself abundantly justified by its work. The situation, however, remains precarious, with still too few boys and young men entering the mines, and with the certainty that bad layout cannot be put right in a couple of years, or mechanisation carried nearly as far as it needs to go except in conjunction with replanning of the layout. The miners are working well with poor tools.

PARLIAMENT: Shorter Working Week

Wednesday

It was a week of trivia, repetitions and unexpectedly early nights. The Committee stage of the nation-splitting Parliament Bill on Thursday provoked little either in the way of enthusiasm or new ideas. An uninformed observer might have been pardoned for assuming that it was a mere routine matter. J. S. C. Reid moved that nothing done under it should be retrospective, but accepted his defeat calmly. John Parker wanted to cut down the veto period to six months, and Emrys Hughes to one month. Morrison then admitted that in his youth it was a bit of a lark to advocate the abolition of the House of Lords, but the weight of the passing years had mellowed him into the belief that perhaps we needed not one Chamber, but three, in order to expedite amendments.

More interesting was the adjournment which followed, at the early hour of seven, on book imports. Every Member who spoke, on both sides of the House, agreed with Hollis, who put the case with convincing moderation, that something had gone wrong here. Whatever Belcher had come prepared to say, it was a reasonable guess that he did not say it. Instead he fell back on conciliation and an unusual Ministerial undertaking to reconsider the whole position.

On Friday the House finished its set business in time for a late lunch and finally packed up at half past two—another knocking off some hours before the siren. Monday, the Government thought, would be a busy day, so at 3.30 the suspension of the rule was moved, to allow the House to go on after 11 o'clock. An hour and ten minutes later no one could think of anything more to say, the mover of a scheduled adjournment debate on deserters was himself found absent, and the lights went out all over Westminster Palace, except where darkness is perilous and where Members imbibe their refreshments.

By Tuesday Members were in danger of acquiring a guilt complex. That, no doubt, was the reason why, when business as usual came to an end early, no fewer than fifteen speeches were made in the adjournment debate on service huts for civilians. Opinion was divided. There were those who thought that the houses provided accommodation of a higher standard than that of many houses now in occupation. There was the contrary view that the huts were just adequate for farm animals but hardly for humans. Edwards, for the Government, put the emphasis on completing houses rather than converting camps, and the House went home with the knowledge that nearly eleven hundred camps are officially housing families, quite apart from those which may from time to time receive uninvited guests.

On Wednesday the Royal Assent is to be given to the Burma Independence Bill by which, for the first time in our history, Britain has voluntarily agreed to a complete secession from the Empire.

PHINEAS TERTIUS

BRITAIN'S BAD BARGAIN

The nations—some of them—are now meeting at Havana to give final form to the draft Charter of the International Trade Organisation, to which the Tariff Agreements recently concluded at Geneva were a prelude. The Geneva General Tariff Agreement, as distinct from the particular agreements modifying a large number of national tariffs, is indeed a chapter torn out of the draft of the I.T.O. Charter and brought into force, with modifications, at once and without the rest. The effect is that, whereas the draft Charter definitely links together the attempt to establish multilateral trading conditions and the pledge on the part of the member States to follow policies of full employment, at Geneva the two issues have been separated. The contracting countries (or at any rate eight of them) have accepted an obligation to outlaw "discrimination" and to work for the restoration of convertibility of currencies without any attached conditions about full employment policy. This is the odder because at the previous meetings about the draft Charter it had been laid down that the maintenance of full employment was to be an overriding condition, and the British among others had fought hard to get the two questions linked firmly together.

It may be argued that what has been done at Geneva does not matter, because it will speedily be merged in the results of the Havana Conference. This, however, does not follow at all. The countries represented at Havana may disagree. Some of them, notably the United States, having got their way over non-discrimination and convertibility, may refuse to enter into any binding obligation about employment. There may be either no Charter, or a Charter so weak that the full employment provisions may be of no effect. If that happens, it will leave Great Britain bound to the terms of the Geneva Agreements; for even though formally there is a right to secede, it cannot be exercised until 1951, and even then it will be very difficult to exercise the theoretically permitted right of secession without the consent of the United States.

No doubt the Geneva Agreement contains loopholes. It could not possibly have been signed without them; for it is a manifest impossibility to insist immediately on either full convertibility of currencies or full non-discrimination in trading practice. The loopholes, however, have been carefully arranged so as to be open only temporarily; and it is significant that, in the exchange of letters accompanying the liberation of the $400 millions balance of the American Loan, we have bound ourselves even in the short run to act as far as we possibly can in the spirit of the conditions originally attached to it—that is to say, in the spirit of making convertibility and non-discrimination the guiding principles of our policy. We have, moreover, done this in return for American tariff concessions of which it has to be said that the longer one looks at them the smaller they appear, though more is conceded to the Empire (especially to Australia) than to Great Britain, and concessions to Empire countries may do something to ease the strain on the dollar-sterling exchange. Even allowing for this, no one can possibly argue that the tariff concessions can be more than a quite minor factor in rectifying the exchange position; and, as far as Great Britain is concerned, it is uncertain whether there is any net trading gain, that is, whether our concessions over preferences do not fully balance what we gain in the American market.

This, however, is only a secondary point; for the balance, on whichever side it may rest, is light. Much more serious are the effects of the General Agreement in tying us down not to follow any policy designed to rectify our supply position by means of long-term bargains, and in outlawing any attempt to construct a multilateral mutual trading club on any basis short of the impracticable one of a complete Customs Union. The worst feature of the General Agreement is that all its loopholes are open only to bilateral bargaining, to the exclusion, for example, of any attempt to link together Western Europe and the Dominions into a "regional low-tariff and common-currency full employment club." Presumably one reason why this project has been outlawed is that we could not have carried the Canadians along with us in view of their urgent need to sell their exports in return for currency convertible into United States dollars—a need which has already led to a crisis over our food purchases in Canada, the most serious of all the immediate crises with which Great Britain is faced. One cannot, however, help suggesting that there is a further reason—the positive belief of most of our own negotiators in the American capitalist trade policy as against any policy based on an attempt at international economic planning for the orderly exchange of goods between countries with complementary surpluses and needs.

For multilateralism, as against sheer bilateralism, in international trade there is, of course, an overwhelmingly strong case. It would be absurd and disastrous for each pair of countries to have to try to make its mutual trade balance. But it is a mere caricature of this truth to extend it to outlaw *all* mutual bargains for the exchange of goods between two countries, or to suggest that no form of multilateralism is of any value unless it extends equally to all the world. It is, in fact, highly disingenuous to argue the case for universal multilateralism in the knowledge that any practicable form of it will leave the U.S.S.R. and its satellites outside, and to use this argument as a basis for ruling out multilateral bargains made between the countries of Europe or of an enlarged sterling area.

The absurd position which is created by vetoing all bilateral bargains as discriminatory is well illustrated by the present Anglo-Canadian trade talks. Whereas larger British exports to Canada are highly desirable in order to offset the deficit in our trade with the Dominion, Canada—to avoid offending American susceptibilities—is applying to British manufactures the same import restrictions as she is compelled, through shortage of dollars, to impose on purchases of American goods. Thus the British consumer of food and the Canadian farmer—unless he switches his sales to the already well-stocked U.S. market—both stand to suffer.

Of course, *if* there were no world problem of a surplus area—America—terrifically out of adjustment with the rest of the world, there would be a great deal to be said for general multilateralism, as far as ever an approach to it as could be made (though not for the exclusion of some bilateral bargains between primary purchasing and industrial countries). But in a situation in which the unbalance between America and the rest of the world is the main problem to be solved, it is ridiculous to behave as if this were merely a short-run difficulty, to be met by small and temporary exceptions to a set of general principles which ignore it altogether and impede every step towards expanding planned trade?

How, then, has the Board of Trade come to issue a Report on the Geneva Tariff Negotiations* which not merely ignores all the difficulties set out in this article, but also adopts a tone of complacent self-congratulation on the outcome? We cannot believe that either Mr. Harold Wilson or Sir Stafford Cripps is so blind to plain facts as to be satisfied with a solution that puts us more than ever into the power of the United States and denies us the means of taking any *long-term* measures to build up sources of supply that will reduce our dependence on dollars. Is it, then, that the Americans can already tell us to "Smile, please!" when they pose us for our picture in the American wedding-group; or can it be that the Labour Government is still allowing its trade policy to be written for it by doctrinaire *laissez-faire* economists who think more of the old textbooks than of the needs of a situation these textbooks never envisaged at all?

*Cmd. 7258. Price 1s.

CONGRESS AND THE MARSHALL PLAN

AMERICA'S instinct and prejudices are against economic controls at home and complicated responsibilities abroad. If left to itself to-day there are signs that the United States would plunge joyously into a business boom, no matter what the consequences, withdraw from Europe, and chiefly concern itself with Britain by giving it infuriatingly condescending advice. Instead of this, the United States finds President Truman presenting it with an unpalatable programme of revived wartime economic controls, and plunging it willy-nilly deeper and deeper into world affairs.

This is the background for considering what Congress will do, both on the Marshall Plan and on the domestic anti-inflationary programme which is increasingly seen as necessary to make it successful. The stereotype of Uncle Sam to a suspicious Europe is of a hard-fisted Shylock, intent on taking a mortgage on the world's movable goods, with a string tied to every dollar. A much more realistic, if more confusing, picture is of an anxious and bothered Average Citizen—frightened rather than confident through possession of the atomic bomb, boiling mad over the constant verbal pummelling of the Russians (whom he tried hard to love right up to, and during, the San Francisco conference), and now, at home, every day approaching with greater discomfort and worry the high-piled, sumptuous array on the glittering counters of butcher and grocer, where the prices constantly move higher. As I say, this is a confusing picture, but somewhere out of its components will probably come the answer to what Congress will do on the twin questions confronting it—Europe and high prices.

Another major factor enters in—politics. Friends of President Truman tell me that several times in the discussion preceding his statement to Congress on inflation he commented ruefully: "If only this weren't an election year!" But 1948 is an election year; President and Congress both go to the voters next November 2, and the campaign has already started. By a great straining of everybody's self-control, American foreign policy so far has been pretty much kept out of politics. This is pointed to, with reason, as one of the hopeful signs of growing American maturity. But no such bi-partisan co-operation applies to domestic issues; and now foreign and domestic issues are tending to merge. Sending scarce goods abroad increases inflationary pressure at home. It has been easy to praise internationalism so far, in the abstract; but, with President Truman's message of November 17, the matter became one of specific sacrifices. The voter has learned that to carry through the European Recovery Programme, or E.R.P. as it is called, he must face the discomfort of higher prices of certain goods, or the discomforts of reimposed controls, or both.

No European comes to America to-day without being fascinated by its lavish prosperity and abundance of goods, foods and luxuries. Electrically-heated blankets, controlled by thermostats, television sets and similar gadgets are going like hot cakes at this Christmas time. Under these circumstances, it may well be argued, the United States could easily meet the cost of E.R.P. American emphasis on domestic "scarcities" seems preposterous. Why should Americans complain if they have to eat a little less meat, or make an automobile last a year longer? Many open-hearted Americans ask this question themselves, and are making generous voluntary contributions abroad. The fact remains, however, that living standards are relative, and it is very hard to reduce them voluntarily, save in wartime, for any given national goal. Put in less abstract terms, the worried automobile mechanic in Detroit, who is already hardly able to make both ends meet, is faced with rising living costs and is desperately trying to maintain the living standard which seems to him a rightful heritage. He will only go "so far and no further" in reducing it, unless there is very strong reason.

It is under these circumstances that Congress is now approaching the three phases of the current problem. It will pass with no great difficulty the Bill for winter-emergency relief to France, Italy and Austria. On December 1 the Senate approved this measure overwhelmingly, 83 to 6, with a total of 597 million dollars. The House may change the terms a bit, but will pass it also. By so doing Congress is "buying an option" but not committing itself on a future, much bigger, transaction—the whole Marshall Plan.

The second phase of the problem involves application of economic controls. Mr. Truman at last reluctantly admitted that inflation at home and reconstruction abroad are connected. If goods are sent to back American foreign policy (and keep Russia, it is frankly hoped, on the defensive) and if no controls are imposed to cushion the effect, then shortages appear, runs develop for some goods, prices rise and the average citizen becomes even more stirred up than he already is. To an Englishman, accustomed to controls, the answer seems simple enough. To an American it is the reverse, for two reasons. The first goes to the root of American civilisation—its vast, prodigal, lawless, unregimented, high-spirited independence which does not brook constraints readily. Never before World War II were anti-inflation controls successfully imposed. The second reason is political. The Republican Party, which dominates Congress, led the fight to kill post-war price controls against the plaintive efforts of Democratic President Truman to retain them. The Republicans won. In killing the controls they made embarrassing prophecies that American mass-production methods, freed from the restrictions of "Communist" (Roosevelt) curbs, would soon bring prices down. Now, a year later, prices are still rising. It is a very sensitive point to the Republicans. It may well be the dominant issue next November. If Republicans restore controls it will be, in effect, an admission that they were wrong originally.

The Republicans are in a difficult position. Actually, world conditions are responsible for putting them in this position, but it seems to them that it is Mr. Truman who has done so. The phrase here is that "Truman has them over a barrel." In gentle language, the President, in his message urging anti-inflation remedies to support the Marshall Plan, pointed to the dangerous rise in living cost since "the middle of 1946." It was no mere coincidence that he picked the very time when the Republicans threw out the last of price controls. Nevertheless, I do not think Mr. Truman was predominantly motivated by an I-told-you-so attitude. Evidence indicates that the Administration is genuinely alarmed at soaring living costs and would like bi-partisan co-operation. This may still be achieved, in part at least. Republican leader Taft let out a furious roar against "regimentation" in his first reaction, but already the Republican view seems to be changing. Party leaders were taken wholly by surprise when the President boldly linked foreign aid to domestic prices. His action may make E.R.P. approval more difficult—at the present time it would seem so. But the situation simply had to be faced. The two matters *are* linked. American inflation has now reached a point where it is beginning to frighten nearly everybody and, unless controlled, large scale export of goods abroad will accentuate it. The overall prospect is that Congress will reimpose some controls, reject others, and attempt to make it look like a Republican programme.

That brings us to the third, final, question. Will Congress approve the long-range European Recovery programme? The answer to this, I think, hinges on Russia. Since the war ended, America has, in general, been doing the right fiscal things in Europe, for the wrong reason. The British loan would hardly have been carried, for example, except for the diplomatic duel with the Soviet. If left to itself now, Congress would hardly vote funds for the great Marshall venture, whose legislative chances, in my judgment, are more dubious than were those of the British loan. Aid to Europe has now been definitely linked to sacrifices in America; inflation is taking hold here; an election lies just ahead. Under these circumstances the gift or loan of vast quantities of goods abroad, no matter how worthy the objective, would have difficulty. But the United States is engaged in a major diplomatic offensive against Russia, will push ahead, and will shovel out more goods to carry it through. It is hard not to feel that Russian tactics have precipitated this situation. Every tirade of Molotov spurs on the Marshall programme. Russia was invited to join the self-help undertaking—and rejected it. Probably nothing would have embarrassed the State Department more than Moscow's acceptance, but the fact is that it was not forthcoming.

It is too soon to make an accurate appraisal of how much E.R.P. aid Congress will vote. Very likely it will be less than even the minimum proposed here by the final executive committee, examining the sixteen nations' recommendations. The danger to it will come, not in frontal, but in flank attacks—reservations, qualifications and proposed restrictions. It is one of the grimmest post-war paradoxes that if Russia should suddenly turn mild and conciliatory, America's instinct for isolationism might correspondingly assert itself, and the amount of Marshall Plan aid would thereby proportionately diminish.

This analysis of the situation perhaps places too little weight either on American motives of idealism or of self-interest. Both of these are undoubtedly deeply involved. Yet to the man in the street the Russian issue probably is, for better or worse, the controlling one.

RICHARD STROUT

Washington, December 3.

ANTWERP BRIGADE

HALF a chance, half a chance
Socialists pondered—
Should they to fight advance,
Barely one hundred?
"Pilloried by Belgrade,
Should we the fight evade?
Though we are not afraid,
We're but one hundred."

Cominform left of them,
Fascists to right of them,
Cryptos behind them
Muttered and thundered.
Theirs was to unify,
Theirs was to reason why,
Millions are guided by
Antwerp's one hundred.

Easterns and Westerns tiffed,
U.S. advised a rift,
Dutchmen deplored the drift,
Poles drowned discussions
While the world wondered.
Italy feared the storm,
Britain banned Socinform —
Aid for the Russians.
Fifth International
Socialists pondered —
Breakdown the dread of all,
All Antwerp's hundred.

Cominform left of them,
Fascists to right of them,
Poles in the midst of them
Volleyed and thundered.
Fanned by Belgrade's hot breath,
Shunning the kiss of death,
Banning the shibboleth
Voted the hundred.

Theirs not to cut a dash,
Theirs to avoid a smash,
Theirs to convince the rash
Working-class sundered —
Breaking no former ties,
Socialists weatherwise
Voted for compromise —
Who says they blundered?

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

THE *Daily Express*, so reassuring about the impossibility of war in 1939, now delights in showing that Socialist England is going to the devil. Ironically enough, it is the *News Chronicle* that now tells us to keep smiling. Its campaign is well-conceived and well-timed. Not "work or starve," but "work for better times." In the mines we see the beginning of "Socialist competition"—a powerful incentive not known to Lord Beaverbrook's reporters; and Arthur Horner, much-maligned, courageous and efficient, can now reasonably prophesy even better figures for 1948. Given coal for export, our trade problem—dollar shortage apart—would be half-solved. Steel is doing well, and our textiles show an improvement. Equally encouraging is the volunteering idea; in the coming year there will be not only wagons to turn round at week-ends, but a host of jobs for volunteers, including the gathering of the harvest without the help of the returning German prisoners. The dodge of the capitalist propagandist is to make the false antithesis between capitalism as efficient private enterprise and Socialism as the State inefficiently doing everything for everyone. Socialist organisation should mean releasing and canalising private effort for general advantage. This conception of Socialism as a release of individual energy is one that people can understand, especially after the spectacular demonstration of its truth in wartime, and at the moment the Labour Party is in a position to push it home.

* * *

I am glad to see that the *Daily Herald* has commented sharply on Mr. Churchill's extraordinary complaint that last Sunday "the Socialist newspapers almost without exception" had misquoted his Manchester speech. "Almost without exception" must imply, if words means anything, that there are at least three Socialist Sunday newspapers. In fact, there is one, *Reynolds News*, and it carried the full and correct version. So did *The People*, which is not a Socialist paper, but is owned by Odham's Press. The *Sunday Pictorial*, which brilliantly combines a little radicalism with lots of cheesecake, but has no party affiliations, was the only newspaper of which Mr. Churchill could reasonably complain. Yet the B.B.C., which is usually so careful to describe unproven assertions by politicians as "allegations," announced Mr. Churchill's correction as though it were a matter of uncontrovertible fact. Imagine how it would have treated a similar complaint by a Cabinet Minister! Why did Mr. Churchill behave in this way? The explanation is clearly that he realised on Sunday morning that his assertion that a quarter of the population would any way have to disappear under a Socialist régime was a little too grotesque, and tried to soften its effect by blaming the Socialist press. I hear that he had to revise his speech at the last minute anyway. It may be that this part of it was a last-minute substitute for a sensational warning which he intended to deliver about our dwindling gold reserves. Unfortunately for him, Sir Stafford Cripps got in first with the announcement that the Americans have at last unfrozen the last hundred million pounds of the Loan. So this portion of the speech had to be revised. Perhaps the quarter of the population which is to die under Socialism was a new bogy thought up at short notice.

* * *

There is a fairly consistent pattern about the character and temperament of the Kings of England. The Merry Monarch succeeds the serious Charles I, and his successor is the gloomy and detestable James II. The dull but dissolute George II has the domestically correct George III as successor. After the wildly rakish sons of George III comes that model of all the virtues, Queen Victoria. The eldest son of Victoria and Albert the Good is the gay Edward VII, whose conduct as Prince of Wales earns the rebuke of the Archbishop of Canterbury, not to mention the severe displeasure of his father and mother. In George V we get back to propriety and stern discipline which, as the articles the Duke of Windsor has now contributed to the American press show, produces in his son the frustration which leads in time to the Abdication. The Duke gives more than a hint that it was the quarter-deck behaviour of his father that drove him to revolt, just as it was Albert's unsympathetic severity that made Prince Edward kick over the traces. I remember Margot Oxford telling me a story which illustrated King George V's unwise behaviour to his son. The Prince of Wales came into the room in a knickerbocker costume which his father thought unsuitable. He shouted at him as a naval officer might at an A.B. who had come improperly dressed on parade. The Prince blushed and stammered and left the room. Margot said that she ventured on this occasion to remonstrate with the King, pointing out how sensitive a boy in his teens must be to a public rebuke in the presence of visitors.

* * *

With the value of books being imported, mostly from America, standing at the annual rate of £3,000,000, the Government obviously had a strong case for making a dollar saving on them. But, as was pointed out in an adjournment debate last Thursday, it is questionable whether they have set about it in the right way. Cancelling the open general licence to import, and substituting for it a system by which importers must make individual application for permission to get any particular book they want, will certainly cut down imports sharply. Many applications will be refused and many importers will think the submission of individual applications not worth the trouble and the delay. Unfortunately, though, the restrictions work with great unevenness. Technical books, for instance, can only be imported up to the value at which the importer brought them in before the war. But, pre-war, the output of British publishers made the buying of technical books from America virtually unnecessary. So the present quota will fall far below the requirements of students and research workers of all kinds—quite apart from the rise in price of American books. Fiction, on the other hand, can be brought in without limit provided that 50 per cent. of it is re-exported. As the re-export of American books to the sterling area is a profitable business, it may be positively stimulated by the new arrangements with an increase, not a lessening, of the dollar drain. On all counts, financial and intellectual, the Government need to think the problem over again. And I was glad to see that Belcher in his reply seemed far more disposed than previously to listen to the argument that books cannot be treated as though they were boots.

* * *

Not a few Germans may find it ironical that, at a time when the Anglo-American Government of "Bizonia" shows signs of relying increasingly on members of the old industrial régime to rehabilitate the Ruhr, Alfrid Krupp and eleven other heads of that great "family enterprise" should be facing at Nuremberg much the same charges as those which faced Göring and his associates. The Krupp Indictment is, indeed, at pains to show that the Krupp conspiracy did not begin with Hitler. Perhaps the most telling bit of evidence is the reproduction of a Minute by the Board in the immediate post-Versailles period.

> Our Company decided to preserve the precious experience irreplacable for the war potential of our people. This we did as the trustee of an historical heritage . . . in order to be ready to execute armament orders when the time came.

The support which Krupp gave, first, to the Right-wing Nationalists and then to Hitler was logical: from 1933 onwards Krupps' profits soared; and, with the inception of Göring's Four Year Plan in 1936, Krupps became closely integrated in Hitler's war machine—testing new weapons, trying them out in Spain and participating in every form of military and industrial espionage abroad. As Hitler's divisions overran Europe, Krupps' representatives travelled through the occupied territories to organise their spoliation and exploitation. To what extent, I wonder, do the surviving members of the family still regard themselves as trustees for that "historical heritage"?

* * *

Washington cynics are telling a story about the representative from the little republic of San Marino who asked for aid under the Marshall Plan. State Department officials referred him to the Secretary. He explained that his people had suffered from the war and its aftermath. "How many of you are there?" he was asked. "Only a few thousand." "And do you have a Communist problem?" "No, we are spared that." "Well," said Mr. Marshall, "I'm sorry we can't help." So, on his way home, the unhappy man called on President Auriol in Paris and explained his problem. "Can you," he said hopefully, "spare us just a dozen Communists?"

CRITIC

VIA DOLLAROSA

The Continent's Presidents, Premiers and Kings
Of full independence may brag,
But though Congress dollars are loaned without strings,
They're all in the Marshall string bag.

O. M.

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of those printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Two hours underground in Nottinghamshire mines convinced Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, that all the rules for success in battle could be applied to the problem of mining.—*The Times*. (Veronica Barker, London.)

In the programme *This B.B.C.*, broadcast in Jubilee Week, listeners heard Gilliam talking to a B.B.C. man in Toronto and approving a suggestion that a Red Indian chief might be brought to the microphone as part of Canada's contribution to the Christmas Day reunion . . . Unfortunately the proposal could not be carried out, but an excellent substitute has been found—greetings from a band of Ukrainian Displaced Persons who are now working in a Winnipeg hospital as nurses.—*Radio Times*. (Miss J. M. Easton, York.)

A cut of 30 minutes is to be made in the presentation of Handel's *Messiah* by Bristol Choral Society on Saturday evening at the Central Hall, Old Market, to meet the demands of the hall cleaners, who insist that the performance shall be over by 9 p.m.—*The Times*. (J. K. McHardy, Southampton).

Two women inspectors of the Board of Trade who bought mackintoshes from a market stall in Ormskirk, Lancashire, alleged yesterday that the salesman kissed each of them instead of taking coupons.—*Daily Mail*. (C. Macdonald, Westcliff-on-Sea.)

Police and N.F.S. in the Torbay area are keeping nightly watch in the hope of trapping a man who makes a habit of dropping lighted paper in private mailboxes. Every possible measure is being taken—even to the extent of policemen and policewomen posing as shop doorway lovers while keeping observation in the main thoroughfares.—*News Chronicle*. (Miss E. M. Thomas, Trowbridge.)

Angry workers dashed from their benches shouting "Spivs" and "Drones" when a fox hunt ended in the grounds of the Rocket Propulsion Department, Westcott, yesterday.—*Daily Worker*. (J. M. Worrall, London.)

CRISIS IN ITALY

(From a Special Correspondent)

THE background is important; the hang-over of the dynamic of Resistance counts. In the great towns of the North, committees of national liberation had functioned more or less since the day after the armistice of September, 1943; some of the original members were still alive and at large. The men of the Resistance certainly believed that these committees would inherit legal power when the Allied armies at last came pouring down the northward glacis of the Apennines. In Milan, Turin, and Genoa, three outstanding cases, the committees were master of the situation before the Allied spearheads arrived. The news of liberation was trumpeted first from captured radio stations and commandeered newspaper presses.

Within a week of the breakthrough the committees were dethroned by the officers of Military Government and demoted to a purely consultative status. They protested; but there was nothing they could do. A.M.G. had laid its plans through long months and even years of preparation, and was not to be dissuaded from carrying them through, although, as many saw, the conditions for their application had largely disappeared with the end of the war. The first thing A.M.G. said on arriving in the North was that the patriot formations must be disarmed at once and down to the last man. But the police? Security against Fascists trying to go to ground? No, they had carabinieri in the South, and would bring them up forthwith. But the new mayors, administrative staffs, people appointed by the committees? Very good, but these must be approved by A.M.G. and some would be removed; in future A.M.G. would make the appointments. Within a month disillusion was complete; and the bitterness has hung over Italian political life ever since.

The disregarding of the committees marked a twist in political development. The patriot forces were a mixed lot, but where they were good they were, of course, the product of political organisation. With few exceptions the only formations worthy of praise were those organised by the Communists—by far the most combative and efficient—the Christian Democrats, and the Action Party. They were fighting for a political end. Italy, they said, advancing the boast of the Risorgimento, *sta facendo da se*. This was self-help if anything ever was. They were fighting together. Priests said Mass to partisans organised by Communists; Socialists fought side by side with Catholics. The fellowship was uneasy here and there, but it lived. With Allied approval and encouragement it might have continued to live.

Consider what happened then. The Allies disarmed the patriot formations at breakneck speed, making it clear that they would rather that these had never existed, or at least had never fought with such success. They ousted the workers from factories owned by men who had collaborated with the enemy or remained passive. They allowed Fascists and near-Fascists to remain in key jobs. They discouraged any revolutionary initiative in a country which greatly needed the stimulus of revolt against the servitude of Fascism. Gradually they turned the crushing weight of their discrimination against the parties of the Left. The steady work of splitting the political unity of 1945 went on until it was capped with the Truman Doctrine; only four days ago Mr. Lovett, an American Under-secretary of State, declared that interim aid would be stopped if the Communists were to come to power. First driven into opposition, the parties of the Left were then labelled as dangerous enemies.

Allied policy was assisted in this by the doubts and hesitations natural to a great clerical party in a country where the Church is accustomed to reign supreme. With Allied encouragement the progressive wing of the Christian Democrats, led by men like Gronchi and at one time de Gasperi (who is not entirely loved by the Vatican), might have carried the day. As it was, reaction was bound to win. There were churchmen like Cardinal Schuster, of Milan, who spoke some months ago of the Church's willingness to appreciate "the modicum of truth to be found in Socialist and Communist doctrines," since the present age "is one in which the peoples are rising against the extremes of capitalism and are demanding a juster distribution of wealth." There were others, and these prevailed, who were happier with the neo-Fascist agitation of Giannini and his "common man" party, and, latterly, with the openly Fascist *Movimento Sociale*. So far have things gone that a court has just allowed Grandi, one of the co-founders of the Fascist State, to escape scot-free.

Once the split was consummated, the rest followed almost of itself. De Gasperi went to America and returned with a fresh view of what was necessary. No sooner were the elections of 1946 over than the Christian Democrats turned back on their programme and refused to envisage, much less discuss, structural changes such as socialisation of basic industries and land reform. The four-party coalition was destroyed in favour of single-party government by the Christian Democrats. Hence the electoral campaign which is to culminate next March will be fought between the parties which emerged from the war instead, as was perfectly possible and infinitely desirable, by a coalition of anti-Fascist and progressive parties against Fascism and everything it means. If, at this point, the Italian Socialists had sided with the Christian Democrats and the Centre against the Communists, the comparison with France would be exact. That the Socialists, or a majority of them, did not do this has changed the whole complexion of things; nothing has counted for more than the decision of the majority to follow Nenni and not Saragat.

Nenni's own views were well expressed at the Antwerp Conference. Those who heard him say that he was impressively sincere in his claim that co-operation with the Communists was the only way of advancing his party's cause; and those who know him, with all his uncompromising directness and intolerance of manner, will not mistake him for a Communist stooge. His position is as difficult as that of any junior partner who means to have his say and sometimes his way; the fact remains that in going Left instead of following the French Socialists Right, he has conserved a genuinely working-class basis for his party, and thus enabled it to escape the dilemma of its counterpart in France. The backing of Nenni and his friends has given the Communist leaders a confidence and elbow-room for tolerance they do not possess in France, and in exchange for this the means and immediate ends adopted by the Italian Communists differ in no essential now from those of moderate Socialism. Where Saragat is involved in contradictions no less apparently than the French Socialist leaders, Nenni and the Socialist majority can go ahead with their heads erect. It is a remarkable justification of courage and clear thought. There is nothing to suggest, as things are now, that a united working-class party, if one were formed, might not contain as much Socialism as Communism, or even, in the end, as many Socialists as Communists.

Some credit for this evolution must go to the realism of Togliatti and the Communist leadership. When liberation came they were faced with the alternative of conserving their party as a small and practised élite or of taking in the untrained masses among whom every sort of undemocratic heresy must for a time prevail. Daring much, they chose the latter course. To-day they have over 2,000,000 members, many of whom it is safe to guess might otherwise have degenerated into passivity or worse. Not all of them, clearly, are Togliattis. Years of political education will be required to kill the confusions of Fascism in favour of an entirely sound progressive attitude. At least these masses—and as much might be said of any of the progressive parties—are moving in the right direction. With careful leadership they will achieve great things, and it reveals much that both Togliatti and Nenni should have preferred to devote themselves to party organisation rather than to the immediate tasks of government.

Another fundamental reason why the Left-wing movement is strong in Italy in spite of every superficial reason for discouragement may be found in the rising agitation of the landless peasants. The 1931 census showed that there were nearly six million of these, a tremendous force whose old organisations in Emilia and Romagna had been the first to be attacked by the black squads in the 'twenties and the last to succumb. Over a million peasant families possess no land. The pressure for land reform—opposed by the parties of the Right and, now, also, by the Christian Democrats—is correspondingly strong. Last September 600,000 landless peasants triumphed in a strike for higher wages throughout the provinces of the Po Valley—unprecedented solidarity—with a discipline and tactical skill that were entirely new. They triumphed in the end by threatening to harvest the crops and sell them to the *ammassi*, or official food stores, at controlled prices. This was too much for the landowners, who saw their "parallel-market" profits disappearing, and forthwith capitulated. Within the past month peasant strikes have broken out in many other provinces.

All the landless peasants want, of course, is land: their doctrines begin and end with that. But the breaking up of the big estates in the North and of the *latifondi* in the South is part of the programme of the Left-wing parties (as, until after the elections, it was also of the Christian Democrats). The sympathies of the poor peasants and the workers march hand in hand, and the Left-wing parties do all they can to foster this. Hence the smashing of neo-Fascist newspaper and party offices in retaliation for acts of violence has been carried out by peasants as well as workers. Both are beginning to understand that their enemies are the same. This will count for much.

Strong though they may be, the Left-wing parties have little reason for complacence. To entertain illusions—and many have been guilty of this—that the passing of a new constitution equipped with all the verbal amenities of formal democracy would be enough to cut away the past, might be fatal. None of the great structural changes in Italian society essential to any kind of Socialism have been carried through. The factors which gave rise to Fascism are still in play, the bankers and industrialists undisturbed, the landowners untouched, the building of democracy from a basis of local government scarcely begun. With every week the boldness of the neo-Fascists grows more outrageous. Corruption and disillusion do their bit to suggest that nothing has changed, that nothing can be changed, that self-interest in the meanest sense is all that really matters. The Allies promised a new world; but all they brought with them was the bag and baggage of the old. Perhaps, it is whispered, there was nothing else to bring?

Nenni and his friends know very well that in these circumstances it would be morally and politically wrong to break with the Communists in favour of a middle course which they believe must prove mythical. In the face of much gratuitous insult and calumny from the Centre parties and the Christian Democrats—not to speak of people outside Italy—they are doing their best to steer towards essential social change. It may be that they are more impressed than the Communists with the need for American aid—although the Communists insist that they would never refuse this if it were given without an anti-Communist injunction—but they believe that there are not enough dollars in the world to make good the damage of retarding the social evolution of Italy. To this backward country a reliance on dollars means profound and perhaps irremediable corruption; foreign credits will become fruitful only when used by a self-confident coalition of all progressive groups and parties. The elections of next March will show whether the Left parties will be strong enough to impose this on the country. In the meantime, they are making sure that Fascism has no easy come-back.

THE LAW AND FASCISM—I

It is now clear that a Fascist machine is being prepared for action in Britain when the time is deemed opportune. Fascist groups, masquerading under various aliases, are being organised in different parts of the country. Anti-Semitism (fanned by the events in Palestine) is being actively disseminated and the pogrom slogan "P.J." is being spread abroad. Finally Mosley, the Phlebitic Führer, is again in action.

Is our present law adequate to cope with any threat, potential or actual, to our democracy from its bitterest enemy, Fascism?

Much, I think, depends on how energetically existing law is enforced, what view our magistrates take of Fascist doctrine and behaviour, and particularly what attitude juries may take to the prosecuting of Fascists and those like-minded, for sedition and kindred offences. Unless juries are convinced that the use of special powers by the State is really necessary for the preservation of public order, the exercise of those powers will be resisted by them. An anti-Semitic jury, for instance, could drive a coach and four through any legislation directed against dissemination of racial hatred. Although the law should not lag behind public opinion, it should also avoid the dangers that result if it goes too far ahead of public opinion. That is why the continuing education of our people as to the true nature of Fascism is still essential. It is also why the Labour Party in particular (and the Conservative and Liberal Parties, too) should not delay in taking an active rather than a purely passive attitude to Fascist activity.

As to the law itself, there is nothing on the Statute Book expressly concerned with Fascism. As the Home Secretary has stated, with the revocation of Defence Regulation 18B "there is now no power to interfere with the activities of political organisations which do not infringe the ordinary law." The only existing law which was designed to cope with known forms of Fascist activity is the Public Order Act, 1936. That Act is entitled: "An Act to prohibit the wearing of uniforms in connection with political objects and the maintenance by private persons of associations of military or similar character; and to make further provision for the preservation of public order on the occasion of public processions and meetings and in public places." It dealt, in fact, with the kind of activity the Fascists developed in Britain during the mid-thirties. It was useful in curbing the activities of the Blackshirts in the East End and elsewhere and caused a rapid decline in the influence and strength of the B.U.F.

When the war came, the Government took the view that the continued freedom of action of the Fascist leaders was prejudicial to public safety and the defence of the Realm, and most of them were detained under Defence Regulation 18B. Some of those who escaped the 18B net became enemy spies and fifth columnists. Some joined H.M. Forces and became prisoners of war, taking advantage of the chance thus afforded them of joining the enemy forces. When retribution came at the end of the war, most of the accused traitors who were tried by court-martial admitted that they were former members of the B.U.F. Now the Fascists are legally free to operate again. They are concentrating on dissemination, in meetings and publications of violently anti-Semitic propaganda, advocacy of the overthrow of democracy, the suppression of all opposition, the setting up of a one-party system of government, and support of an aggressive and warlike foreign policy directed against the U.S.S.R.

The law relating to such activities may conveniently be considered under three heads:

1. Sedition and public mischief;
2. Breaches of the peace;
3. Unlawful assembly and associated offences.

Generally speaking, the only check upon expression of opinion in Britain is the law of libel, both criminal and civil. "A man may publish anything which twelve of his countrymen think is not blameable," said Lord Kenyon in *R v. Cuthell*. In all cases, whether civil or criminal, it is for a jury to decide whether the publication is libellous or not.

Sedition itself, or rather the use of seditious language, is a common law offence not defined by statute, and is difficult to state accurately. It has frequently been used as a weapon against Left-wing leaders. It consists in general of words written and published, or spoken and published, with a seditious intention. The associated offence of seditious conspiracy is committed when a person agrees with another or others to do any act for the furtherance of any seditious intention common to both or all of them. The intention is of the essence of this offence, and if the acts done or words used were not done or used with seditious intention, the offence of sedition has not been committed, however defamatory the words may be. Various intentions are seditious, including the intention "to promote feelings of ill-will and hostility between different classes of H.M.'s subjects." Mr. Justice Cave ruled in the famous case of John Burns that whether in a particular case this is a seditious intention or not, the jury must decide, "taking into consideration the whole of the circumstances of the case." The judge went on to say that if the jury thought that the defendants "had a seditious intention to incite the people to violence, to create public disturbances and disorder, then undoubtedly you ought to find them guilty." In this class of case, therefore, the offence is not committed unless there is an intention to create disorder by the provocation of ill-will between groups of H.M.'s subjects.

Mr. James Caunt, of the *Morecambe and Heysham Visitor*, was recently charged with this offence (the maximum punishment for which is two years' imprisonment with or without a fine), but he was found by a jury to have had no seditious intention in writing and publishing in his newspaper a violently anti-Semitic article, and was acquitted.

Seditious libel is thus only of limited value, although it would be wrong to dismiss its usefulness completely and, in appropriate cases, I think it can still be used against Fascist disseminators of racial hatred.

In 1936, Arnold Spencer Leese and Walter Whitehead were convicted on charges of "publishing and printing a seditious libel concerning people of the Jewish faith and H.M.'s subjects of the Jewish faith" and, on another count, of "publishing and printing divers scandalous and libellous statements regarding H.M.'s Jewish subjects with intent to create ill-will between H.M.'s subjects of the Jewish faith and those not of the Jewish faith, so as to create a public mischief." Conviction on the first count is an illustration of the potential usefulness of seditious libel in this field. The calling in aid of a criminal charge of "effecting a public mischief" to cope with anti-Semitism, has commanded little enthusiasm among lawyers, however. It is far too vague. Public mischiefs which are to be restrained by the criminal law must be defined with proper precision if justice is to be done.

The offence of conspiracy is one which the Executive might well bear in mind in connection with Fascist activities. Conspiracy has been called "the dragnet of the law." It is a very wide offence and is defined as "an agreement of two or more persons to do something contrary to law or wrongful and harmful towards another person, or to use unlawful means in the carrying out of an object not in itself unlawful." It has more than once been used against Communists.

In its armoury the State has a further weapon of the criminal law that may be used against Fascists. Under the statute of 1360, 34 Edw. III, it has gradually been established that justices may order any person to give security for his good behaviour, or in default go to prison, upon the ground that it is suspected that he may be going to cause a breach of the peace. A striking illustration of the use of this power was the arrest of Tom Mann in 1932 at the time of the hunger-marches. It has not yet been used against the Fascists.

The 1936 case of *Duncan v. Jones* is of great importance in connection with public meetings. This decided in effect that if the police authorities reasonably apprehend that a breach of the peace will occur if a meeting is held in a public place, then they may exercise their common law duty of preventing a potential or possible breach of the peace by the simple expedient of preventing the meeting being held.

In the House of Commons debate on November 24 on Fascist activities, the Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department was pressed to ban in advance meetings which Mosley might address in Hackney. He answered that, despite the decision in *Duncan v. Jones*, the Home Secretary has not the power to prohibit anybody in advance from attempting to hold a meeting. He also argued that "we could not ask the police to take action in advance to prevent the holding of a meeting which was in itself in no way an infringement of the law merely because we had reason to think there might be an attempt at a breach of the peace."

F. Elwyn Jones

(To be concluded)

THE PARABLE OF THE BUTTONS

Once upon a time there lived a man who had done great wrongs. He had attacked, struck down, and robbed other people. In the end, however, the others overcame him and he was left in no doubt that they had the right and the power to make him pay for what he had done. As by now he was poor and wretched he could not think of anything which he could give them, and the others stood and looked at him, wondering what to take.

They held counsel together, and made some suggestions, but could not reach any decision until one of them said: "Let him give us his suit. True, it has some holes and patches, but maybe one of us could wear it for work. Or one of us could have the jacket, another the waistcoat, and I'll take the trousers."

"No," said another, "we must leave him his suit. It is the only one he has. To take it away from him would be neither a wise nor a Christian act; nor would he be a pleasant sight with nothing on but his shirt. Besides, one day he might have some money again, and then we could sell him a tie or a straw hat or a cane—but only provided he still has his suit. Without a suit he would not be interested in a tie, nor in a straw hat, for that matter."

They meditated deeply until one of them exclaimed: "I've got it! We'll take his buttons. Buttons may come in useful one day, and we can easily divide them amongst us."

This plan greatly appealed to all of them. They went to the man and said, "You can keep your suit. We only want the buttons. Here is a pair of scissors; cut off those buttons for us. You won't be any the worse for a useful occupation anyway."

The wretched man fell on his knees before them and begged them to leave him his buttons. They were essential for him, for his suit, and for his future course through Life; much more necessary than for them.

The others looked at him indignantly. "It is rather generous of us," they said, "to want only your buttons. You ought to realise that. Now get on with it."

So the man retired into a corner, and began to cut off all his buttons: those from his sleeves and from the front of his jacket; all the buttons from his waistcoat, and finally, with great misgiving, those to which he fixed his braces and also the small ones so necessary for reasons of propriety alone—those as well.

When he had finished his distressing task he took his buttons and of course the scissors too, and gave them to the others. "Well done," they said, "that's it. Now we are quits. And if you work hard enough we'll sell you a nice, gay tie one day."

"I shan't be able to do much work," replied the man, "nor shall I ever again be able to knot a tie."

"And why not?" they asked him in surprise.

"Because," he said sadly, "for the rest of my life I shall have to use my hands for one purpose only: to keep up my trousers."

"You aren't going to start making difficulties all over again, are you?" they asked sharply, and then they went on their way, taking the scissors and the buttons with them.

The man, however, remained on the same spot until his dying day, desperately holding up his trousers, and the passers-by tried not to look at him.

As to the buttons, they were left lying about in various drawers with other things which, for one reason or another, people can't make up their minds to throw away. ERICH KÄSTNER.

[Authorised translation by E. and U. Lehrburger. *Copyright by Atrium Press Ltd., London.*]

The Arts and Entertainment

IDOMENEO AT OXFORD

AMATEURS of Mozart ought not to lump together *Idomeneo* and *La Clemanza di Tito*. Both, it is true, belong to the category of *opera seria* (a species already beginning to seem obsolete in Mozart's time), and both are seldom given to-day; but there the resemblance ends. *La Clemenza* has many beauties, and it has lately found a powerful champion in Dr. Einstein; but it was undeniably dashed off (with the recitatives entrusted to a pupil) by an overworked and depressed man, his head full of *Die Zauberflöte*, who could hardly be expected, after *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*, to feel a very lively interest in the unfailing Metastasian magnanimity of an early Roman emperor. *Idomeneo* is another matter; here was the young Mozart's first great chance to prove his mettle in the theatre. The Abbé Varesco's libretto was no masterpiece, but with one exception (Arbace) his characters are rather more than lifeless puppets; and the story—a variant, set in classical Crete, of the biblical narrative of Jephtha and his fatal vow to sacrifice the first animate being he meets—offered picturesque and human opportunities which Mozart was quick to seize. What seems to have excited him more than anything else about the Elector of Bavaria's commission was the chance it offered to write for the wonderful orchestra which, along with the Electoral Court and its opera, had lately been transferred from Mannheim to Munich. None of Mozart's subsequent operas is so richly and elaborately scored as this astonishing *Idomeneo* of 1781, in which we find not only supernatural trombones *à la Gluck* and a piccolo for the storm scene, but four horns! The strings, too, are treated with great boldness: basses independent of cellos, violas *divisi*, and so on. It's a mistake to suppose that Mozart liked small orchestras; the evidence all points in the opposite direction. And it was not a small orchestra which Professor Westrup had assembled in the Oxford Town Hall for last week's admirable revival by the resuscitated Oxford University Opera Club, but a most capable body of 42 players, all but one of them undergraduates.

Apart from the technical interest of its scoring, *Idomeneo* is a work of genius, packed with musical inspirations of the highest order. Its old-fashioned lay-out, consisting often of a mere string of arias, will always keep it out of the general repertory; but in a truly musical community, possessing a first-class operatic establishment, it should be revived every ten years or so with the finest available soloists. Every modern revival, whether amateur or professional, is confronted at the outset with a highly awkward fact: that Idamante, the youthful hero and son of Idomeneo (whom the latter is bound by his vow to sacrifice to Neptune), is written for a *castrato*—something which not even the home of lost causes can provide. At Munich (where I saw the opera in 1936), at Cambridge in 1939, and again the other day at Venice (where it was receiving its very first performance in Italy), Idamante was sung by a soprano; at Oxford, however, the part was assigned to a light tenor. Since Mr. David Galliver not only looked well, but sang the part with simplicity and true musical feeling, the drop of an octave did not greatly matter, at any rate in the arias; in the ensembles, of course, some dislocation is bound to arise from the alteration of a part which is so frequently written in thirds and sixths with that of Ilia. Ilia is a captive Trojan princess in love with Idamante, who finds herself therefore in a similar emotional situation to that of Aïda; her three lovely arias were sensitively sung by Miss Thelma Weeks. Ilia's rival for the affections of Idamante turns out, rather surprisingly, to be our old friend Electra; and that part of Electra's music which in its passionate fury looks forward to both Donna Anna and the Queen of the Night proved, not unnaturally, rather beyond the powers of the youthful Miss Enid Hastings; she possesses, however, an ability to sing beautifully clean coloratura passages which told well in the second act. As Idomeneo himself Mr. Edward Manning lent a valuable note of musico-dramatic authority to the occasion.

To produce an opera in a curtainless Town Hall is an unenviable task. Mr. Denis Sargent designed a simple and ingenious set which would have been improved by a more vivid choice of colour for its curtains, and Mr. Anthony Besch's production had the great merit (rare now on our professional stages) of never distracting our attention from the music; but at the big dramatic moments the latter might, I think, have grouped his chorus more effectively. There were times when one felt that the conductor's heart was with his excellent orchestra rather than with the solo singers; the latter, whether amateur or professional, need more consideration, a keener sense of the dramatic value of the Mozartian pause, and in particular a more spacious and varied handling of the recitatives. But Oxford has really and truly heard *Idomeneo;* and to Professor Westrup (22 years ago, as a Balliol undergraduate, the moving spirit in the Opera Club's foundation) belong the credit and our grateful thanks. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE THEATRE

"Saint Joan," at the New Theatre

The miracle that Bernard Shaw so adroitly performs in *Saint Joan* is to make the astounding story credible to an age sceptical of the miraculous and separated from the fifteenth century by a fog of vulgar and sentimental clichés raised by bad painters, bad poets and bad historians. He cuts through our provincial anticlericalism and re-establishes the Church as the repository of the ability, the moral and intellectual standards, the civilised good sense of a great and settled age; and he contrasts with this splendour the untutored, protestant voice challenging it on its own ground. But the rightness of the Church on all reasonable grounds must first claim our absolute sympathy, if we are to feel the dramatic irony of our after-knowledge that the peasant rebel will be justified in history.

How, then, should a producer bent on *wrecking* this conception set about it? Simply by raising once again all the clichés, vulgar and sentimental, that the text has attempted to lay. Make these princes of the Church provincial bigots, surrounded by a rout of Friar Tucks, copied from the illustrations to some child's Annual. Estrange them from our sympathy by this vulgarity, and then establish the Maid as a sentimental boy-girl, a Peter Pan with her toes turned in: add for the martial scenes the touch of an A. A. Milne tom-boy: and for religiosity a hint of that page kneeling in a shaft of sunlight that Sir John Millais (was it?) so beautifully caught. Something distressingly like this miracle in reverse—turning back the wine into cherry cider—is what the Old Vic accomplish in their quite deplorable revival.

Miss Celia Johnson is a sincere and gifted player; in *Pride and Prejudice* she dazzled as Elizabeth and, in the understating medium of the cinema, has given pathos to several portraits of young middle-class wives. To Saint Joan, for all her sincerity, she is at no point suited, not in voice, presence nor weight. This is no fault of hers, but her acting fails to redeem it. "I come from the land and have gotten my strength working on the land," she tells the Dauphin. We are never impelled to believe her. You might suppose that for an admittedly lightweight Joan the producer would scale down the production to give it at least its chance. Not a bit. The production is large, broad and coarse. So coarse, indeed, that at too many moments, instead of watching a company that pretends to the rank of a National Theatre, we might have been assisting at a pageant organised by the local Y.W.C.A. Only that could excuse these minor parts who might have dropped in from an evening of dressing up in the home.

Things improve all round by the Trial scene, which manages to retain its moving quality in the face of all these disasters. But they need never have occurred. The text of this play is limpidly clear; and if those who are responsible cannot make out its intention, could they not at least have got someone to read them the stage directions, written by an author still at the height of his powers and not commonly supposed not to know his own mind? The author describes the Archbishop as "a full-fed political prelate, with nothing of the ecclesiastic about him except his imposing bearing." So we are presented with a typical thin-faced stage cleric who has everything of the ecclesiastic about him except the imposing bearing. To the sad disappointments of the evening there was a single exception. Not Alec Guinness's brilliant Dauphin. This part is a gift and Mr. Guinness knows well enough how to take this sort of gift with both hands. But his performance was not subordinated to the needs of the play as a whole. Nor Mr. Bernard Miles' Inquisitor. He held our attention marvellously with his long difficult speech. But should he have that touch of the sinister? Should he not be grand instead of shabby? Not, again, Mr. Mark Dignam's Cauchon. He caught only in the trial scene the breadth and humanity which were sadly missed in his scene with Warwick. (Perhaps the Warwick, too young and quite inadequate for the "imposing Nobleman of 46" of the text, made it difficult.) No, the exception was John Clements' wholly admirable Dunois, described in the stage directions as "carrying his armour easily ... his face marked by active service and responsibility, with the expression of a good-natured and capable man who has no affectations and no illusions." Humble enough to consider these hints, Mr. Clements built up from them a study beautifully proportioned and uniquely appropriate. T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Saigon," at the Plaza
"Possessed," at Warner's
"Monsieur La Souris," at the Everyman
"Blithe Spirit," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Hellzapoppin," at the Tatler

We have been enjoying lately far too many excursions of quality—*Live in Peace, La Belle et la Bête, Monsieur Verdoux, Shoe-Shine*, etc.—and the Hollywood circus calls us sharply back to order. The whip cracks; the old music resumes; the tame tigers climb on their pedestals. I won't deny a certain fascination in the spectacle. Mr. Alan Ladd, for example. His teeth and claws were drawn long ago, but how he can still snarl! And how sleek he has grown! The jowl a little flabbier, perhaps? That imparts the well-fed look, and the waist-line is lither than ever. *Saigon* displays him to us in the marvellously slim pilot's tunic that won the war and is now shouldering its padded way through the peace. He does pretty well in this outfit. It mesmerises crooks. It brings in the police. It picks up, on a hidden airfield in the wilds, Miss Veronica Lake. And it paves the way (after some loose adventuring in ducks) for the white bumfreezer-de-luxe with which he will stagger Miss Lake on the hotel balcony at night. She will be ready for him, I may say, looking like a bit of icing herself.

Miss Lake's eye-curtain has been reduced to a mere whorl that comes into play at crucial moments. She looked rather reduced altogether, I thought; but that may be the latest addition to her charm. Mr. Ladd's manners have so far mended that he seldom sits indoors wearing his hat. Otherwise *Saigon* is an average thriller about plane crashes, paddy-fields and far eastern bedrooms that doesn't lack bounce.

Possessed is on a rather higher level of endeavour if not of entertainment. Miss Joan Crawford works

painfully hard to demonstrate that she is going mad because her lover (Van Heflin) won't marry her. One hardly blames him. She attaches herself like a python. She even marries someone else so as, mysteriously, to prolong the affair. Her schizophrenia is whole-hearted enough to impress us despite the melodramatic turns of plot and the smattering of medical terms. When she is being examined by two doctors and can utter only a single word (her lover's name, of course!) one turns to the other and remarks sagely, "Almost complete mutism, you see." *Possessed* lacks both the psychological understanding and the drama that distinguished *Mine Own Executioner*, but by its own sensational standards it is not bad.

Among revivals, two catch the eye by being neither brutal nor batty. At the Everyman, which has been showing some very good programmes lately, the shabby-genteel hangers-on of *Monsieur La Souris* enjoy a delicacy of dilapidation and wit that must appeal to everyone who enjoys comedy; this was the sprightliest of Raimu's later appearances. *Blithe Spirit* and *A Matter of Life and Death* are being put on again by Rank, and I recommend the first as one of the very few English farces that have taken to the screen. *Hellzapoppin* succeeded a few years ago in going further than the Marx Brothers but without being so funny. Already we are back on the fringes of schizophrenia. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RAM GOPAL

THE large and enthusiastic audiences at Ram Gopal's programme of Indian dances at the Prince's Theatre are an encouraging sign of the great interest in dancing now felt by the general public. Since Ram Gopal's first visit to London in the autumn of 1939 he has made a profound study of the great Southern dance-form *Bharata Natya*, in which the three elements of Gesture, Music and Rhythm are blended in a wonderful harmony, without dramatic content. His present programme lacks the excitement provided on his first visit by the dynamic young Kathak dancer, Sohan Lal, for the whole of his troupe has not yet been able to come to England. There are, however, two beautiful Kathak dances in the programme: the final "ballet" *Rajput Serenade*, and a solo dance of Parwati, by Shevanti, at present his only woman soloist, particularly remarkable for the exquisitely expressive qualities of her face and body and her delicate foot-work. Rajeshwar, a tall youth, whose exceedingly slender waist recalls an archaic Greek statue, is the only male soloist besides Ram Gopal himself. He is a very fine and expressive dancer, and his two solos, in the *Bharata Natya* tradition, are unforgettable. He has the power, even on the stage, with very unpropitious lighting, of creating another world of being. The wide sweep of his arms, the varying planes of his long, slender body, and his astonishingly soft and effortless sideways leaps are most expressive. Ram Gopal himself makes very welcome concessions to his European audience by his analysis and detailed interpretation of the South Indian *mudras*. I myself feel that he has gone rather too far in the direction of adapting to a foreign art-climate the great dance styles of India, but few, I think, would agree with me. It is not that his own dances are not authentic, but it is possible that in his intelligent consciousness of an alien audience he has himself lost some inwardness of expression. His ritual *Puja* dance seemed to lack belief. The *Setting Sun*, *Cobra Devil* and *Hunter in the Forest* dances, all in the Kathakal idiom, were, however, most impressive, and the eloquence of his arms and hands is amazing. I must mention an anonymous drummer, discovered, I believe, in London, who drummed and danced an overture to the Manipuri harvest dance. He alone of all the company was completely abstracted from his surroundings, and by his inspired attitudes and searching but remote glances carried one on his drum-rhythms to a world of dance and belief far removed from the spotlights of the Prince's Theatre. BERYL DE ZOETE

RADIO NOTES

THE B.B.C's controversial religious discussions are now over; the series cannot have been easy to plan, and it has scarcely been the planners' fault when the discussions have not been wholly satisfactory. One's comments are made in the hope of being helpful. I would suggest that the discussions have almost always seemed too heavily scripted, and that the particular problems discussed have usually proved too large for the time allotted to them; just as some argument has reached a point of great interest, someone has had to say, "Well, we must leave that now, and pass on, etc." In both cases where the Historical Evidence has cropped up as a subsidiary theme, one would have liked more said, especially since this is a tangible subject, if not a specifically religious one. In the last four discussions the best speakers have been the Bishop of Bristol and Dr. Edward Glover. Dr. Cockin's humanity and wisdom made Miss Barbara Wootton seem, even to a fellow-agnostic, rather jejune and complacent. Their subject was Evil, and I think an agnostic could have been found who would have talked a little less naively about it, for it is not, after all, an exclusively Christian preoccupation. Alone among the twelve speakers, Dr. Cockin made some effort to persuade and help his opponent. The Rev. Merwyn Stockwood seemed to be *reciting* his script; in the intervals while he was relaxing a little after his rapid sermonettes, Dr. Glover managed to interpose some excellent and forthright remarks. Dr. Glover is, I suppose, the most eminent Freudian in the country, so that it was a great moment for listeners when, after using the word "sexual" for the first time, he actually spluttered for a second or two. When these discussions began, I said that I hoped Disbelief would be given a hearing; in the event, on the non-Christian side, there has been little else. It is a pity that the voice of genuine Doubt, regretful and obsessive, has not been heard. I hope the series will soon be renewed; in the meantime, the B.B.C. is to be congratulated on breaking the ground.

But surely, surely, surely, as the wife of the Bishop of Barchester would have said, the Corporation could have knocked up a better programme on the enthralling subject of television than the thing it put out the other night? "This," I thought, as I listened to it, "I am familiar with. It is a Regional Feature Broadcast. It is the kind of programme put out by Northern, Midland or West as an alternative to Toscanini in a programme of Beethoven and Brahms." The dialogue was of the cumulative patchwork-montage type: all sorts of chaps breezing in with bright little bits about their jobs; the Common Man (not yet quite dead?) supplied the links. One could visualise—one could not avoid visualising—the sort of thing it would look like on paper:

8.	*Narrator.*	Think of the Props Man!
9.	*Common Man.*	Think of what?
10.	*Narrator.*	Think of the Props Man!
11.	*Props Man.*	Yus, fink of me!
12.	*Narrator.*	Why, at a moment's notice he may be called on to supply —
13.	*Voice I.*	The Eiffel Tower!
14.	*Voice II.*	A mowing-machine!
15.	*Voice III.*	An orchard in Spring!
16.	*Voice I.*	A dachshund!
17.	*Voice II.*	A spinning-wheel!
18.	*Voice III.*	A wood near Dunsinane! *Merry Widow Waltz (disc) up and out behind* 19.
19.	*Spot.*	Gong. (*pause*)

And, alas, pertinacious though Common Man was, he never found out for us just why a television screen has to be so small. He was lightly fobbed off with the assertion that after all he wouldn't, would he, want a cinema-screen in his "lounge"—a charming bijou replica of the palm court of his favourite hotel, I make no doubt.

A dashing, incisive serial dramatisation of Miss Dorothy Sayers's *Whose Body?* has just begun on the Light. The casting is impeccable, the dialogue, apart from Lord Peter's tasteless reference to Bunter's night school, lucid and amusing; and the incidental music would do credit to a broadcast of *King Lear*. But how, on these occasions, is the listener to avoid the temptation to cheat? Ever since the first episode I have been vaguely looking round bookshops for a copy of the original. If any of my readers . . . . HENRY REED

Correspondence

THE GREAT DEBATE

SIR,

Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly,
It's the prettiest little Soviet parlour that ever you did spy.

It is an entertaining spectacle: Zilliacus, singing his three-column siren songs, crooning his ancient runes and incantations, and weeping his crocodile tears over the sad stupidity of "his friends Crossman and Woolf' in having a "phobia"—by which he means only a "disinclination"—to walk into the pretty parlour, which contains too many desiccated bodies of Socialists and Social-democrats. So, with his eyes full of Pecksniffian tears, he has at last made up his mind—O so sorrowfully—to attack us.

His attack follows the usual Communist tactic. He turns what I said in the pamphlet upside down and "demolishes" me by attacking me for saying the exact opposite of what, in fact, I said. I explicitly stated in the pamphlet that I was opposed to a policy of neutrality. The policy which I advocated was that Great Britain should refuse to go in either with the U.S.A. or U.S.S.R. in their struggle for power all over the world as a preliminary of another world war, and that the one chance of preventing that war was to pursue an independent policy of our own and not to enter either of the two camps. A part of that independent policy should be:

(1) To build up a system of co-operation with States anxious, like ourselves, to stand outside the new power politics. "At first, no doubt, such a system of co-operation would be a Western Group. But collectively it would be a group of considerable power, both economic and political, and capable of acting independently both of the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. If it showed itself persistently anxious to offer economic co-operation to the U.S.S.R. and smaller eastern states and to work with them or with any state politically to establish an effective peace system, it might eventually become the mediator between east and west and break the deadlock of power politics which is establishing itself between the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R.."

(2) "We should make persistent and genuine attempts to find major international questions on which the U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. might co-operate and we co-operate with them."

That is a completely different policy from the one which Mr. Zilliacus ascribes to me. I have little hope that it or any sane policy will be adopted—or would succeed, if adopted—so long as two-fifths of the world are in the state of mind of Mr. Zilliacus and his friends and another two-fifths in the state of mind of their opposite numbers on the other side of the Atlantic. But in the short interval which remains to me before the atom bomb (Communist or capitalist) falls on my head or I am removed to a (Communist or capitalist) concentration camp, I see no reason why I should think and act like a lunatic merely because there are surrounding me so many (Communist and capitalist) lunatics.

Mr. Zilliacus's own policy seems to me a mere rehash of the ancient siren songs, runes, incantations, and threats. Why a Western Group should be a crime against humanity and democracy and Socialism, while an Eastern Group controlled by the delicate, tender hands of Communists and the Soviet Government should be a bulwark of peace, freedom, democracy, and Socialism, has never yet been satisfactorily explained to me. Mr. Zilliacus's statements of all the good things which we will get from the U.S.S.R. if we enter the parlour are simply ex cathedra; there is not the slightest proof that we can get anything, even the tiniest compromise, from the Soviet Government—indeed all the proof is the other way round.

Unlike Mr. Zilliacus, I have no means of knowing what is in the minds of Stalin, Molotov, or Mr. Marshall; I can only deduce their policy and intentions from what they do and what they say. There is nothing in the world that I would welcome more at the moment than the opportunity, the mere possibility, of co-operation and compromise between the

Soviet Government and a British Socialist Government. But all evidence of acts and words so far goes to show that a Socialist Government is the very last kind of Government with which the Soviet Government is prepared to co-operate and compromise. To have been or to be a Social-democrat is, as we know and Mr. Zilliacus implies, a crime. Is the British Socialist not now included in the same category of criminal? What ground has Mr. Zilliacus for assuring us that we criminals can receive absolution and co-operation and compromise—unless, of course, we recant and become Communists?

It is these questions which confirm me in thinking that our policy should be independent and that we should keep outside both the Communist and capitalist parlours.

LEONARD WOOLF

SIR,—Stripped of its verbiage, Mr. Zilliacus' letter boils down to two propositions:

(1) The right way to end the division of the world into two blocs is for Britain to join the Russian bloc. In particular he recommends (a) that we should "go all the way" in co-ordinating our economy with that of the Russian bloc; and (b) that a federated Western Europe should be formed as a "sub-division" of a Europe united on Russian terms.

(2) Any attempt by British Socialists to develop unified and independent action by the Western European nations is bound to create "a bridgehead for the American holy war against the European working class."

The first proposition is obviously contradictory, and the second is stated with passion but without argument. Mr. Zilliacus knows as well as I do that a Britain integrated into Eastern Europe would be cut off not only from Marshall aid, but from all her overseas food supplies and would quickly starve. To "go all out" in co-ordinating our planning with that of Russia would also completely destroy our political independence. Lastly, it would only end the division into blocs in the sense that it would precipitate war.

If the Third Force is phoney nonsense, as he asserts, then we are left with the bleak alternatives of becoming a Russian or an American bridgehead. In that case we have no choice. We shall become an American bridgehead. There is no conceivable chance of Mr. Zilliacus' policy being accepted by anyone but a few fellow travellers.

But why should it be impossible for the nations of Western Europe to achieve independence between the blocs by using American aid in their recovery and trading with Russia? No one doubts that it will be difficult to do this; and the behaviour of the Communist parties in Western Europe has enormously increased the difficulty. But it can be done, if the Paris Conference is recalled this Spring, and the members immediately set up joint commodity boards and joint economic planning staffs for the purpose of both negotiating trade agreements with Russia, and planning the use of Marshall aid.

Mr. Zilliacus derides the failures of Western Socialism and exults in the leadership of Thorez and Togliatti. Does he really believe that these latter are serving the interests of Western European democracy and independence? I have never had "a phobia about Communist leadership," as he suggests. I am confident that it will defeat itself in Western Europe, because it is making precisely the same mistakes now as it did between the wars.

But is not the Socialist leadership also repeating its mistakes? Yes. And that is why I advocate the creation of a Third Force, and urge that Western European Socialists should seize the opportunity provided by the Communist blunders in France and Italy, to reassert themselves and to run a united campaign along the lines I suggested in "The Great Debate."

Lastly, I note that Mr. Zilliacus feels that he has shown forbearance in not attacking me for so long. I must admit that his forbearance has been intensely embarrassing to those of us who for two years have opposed the notion that Socialists should connive at *either* a Communist or an anti-Communist crusade. I am relieved that the tactical need for sparing us is now over.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

House of Commons.

THE CUCKOO CRY

SIR,—I wonder how many of your readers, including Professor Laski, realise that if the Curtis Committee recommendations form the basis of coming legislation, a substantial proportion of the children deprived of a normal home life will remain, as heretofore, dependent upon charitable funds.

The Curtis Committee have deliberately divided these children into two groups, those to be cared for by a local authority and those who fall into the net of a charitable organisation. The first group is to be maintained out of public funds, the second is to continue to exist on the bounty of patronage, flag days, appealing advertisements, bazaars, balls and all the other paraphernalia of raising money.

The Minister of Health, Mr. Bevan, speaking in the House of Commons on April 30, 1946, said: "I believe it is repugnant to a civilised community for hospitals to have to rely on public charity. I believe we ought to have left hospitals flag days behind . . . I do not believe there is an hon. Member of this House who approves that system. It is repugnant, and we must leave it behind—entirely." It is unthinkable that Mr. Bevan, or other members of the Labour Government, should contemplate legislation that will perpetuate a similar system for children, and yet all the indications are that the Curtis Committee recommendations will be accepted.

The Prime Minister in his statement in the House of Commons on March 24, 1947, added a third group, namely, the orphans and other children whose lives are controlled by the Admiralty and War Office. This last group of children, for some unaccountable reason, is "not affected" by the Curtis Committee recommendations and presumably will be outside the special protection devised for the children cared for by a local authority.

Professor Laski is right when he says in his article "Wherever there is a group in our society whose fate is unhappy through no fault of their own I am for justice and against charity."

If kindly people wish to give money for the welfare of children why should not the State found a National Trust for Children into which these generous offers could flow. This would not be charity, with its often dependent obligation for the recipients "to remember their duty to be thankful for small mercies," but a fund placed at the service of children.

MARJORY ALLEN OF HURTWOOD

FASCIST MEETINGS

SIR,—According to the *News Chronicle* of Nov. 28, Sir Oswald Mosley addressed a meeting of his newly formed British Union Group at Wilmot St. L.C.C. School, Bethnal Green, the previous night. The report ends:

> "While his followers were scuffling with anti-Fascists, Sir Oswald, escorted by a bodyguard, left by a back door, *where he shook hands with a police superintendent*, thanking him for 'keeping such excellent precautions.'"

There are two points on which, in our opinion, clarification is required. (1) Who gave Mosley authority to use a London County Council school for his Fascist get-together? Presumably the premises were hired. (2) Since when does a high-ranking police officer shake hands, publicly, with a Fascist?

The police admittedly have a difficult and rather thankless task. They must guard the King's peace and protect life and property no matter whose life and property. The police officers at Wilmot Street, as elsewhere, acted under orders and had little choice in their duty. But there is no regulation on earth which requires a police officer, or anyone else, to shake hands with Mosley. We are not suggesting that the superintendent concerned has Fascist leanings. We do suggest, however, that his behaviour, under very delicate circumstances, was most undiplomatic and reprehensible. Unless certain ugly rumours, so rife lately, are to be sustained, the police are not proceeding

TRANSPORT ACT, 1947

Notice to holders of Securities of Railway, Canal and Inland Navigation Undertakings.

The British Transport Commission give notice that an announcement giving information on the points set out below has been published and copies are available for inspection at Offices of Banks.

1. Payment of the final interest and dividends on Securities of the Railway, Canal and Inland Navigation Undertakings to be transferred to the Commission on the 1st January 1948.
2. Instructions to holders not to send Certificates of the old Securities for exchange until requested to do so by the Undertaking concerned.

---

3. The titles of the valued Securities of the said undertakings in respect of which British Transport Stock will be issued on the 1st January 1948.
4. The extension of dividend mandates registered in respect of the old Securities to the British Transport Stock attributable thereto.
5. The use of certificates of the old Securities as representing the appropriate amount of British Transport Stock until such time as new certificates for that Stock have been issued.
6. The procedure to be followed on and after the 1st January 1948 by holders of British Transport Stock who may wish to dispose of their holdings before new certificates have been issued to them.

---

7. The publication on the 2nd January 1948 of the rates at which the calculation of the amounts of British Transport Stock attributable to holdings of old Securities will be made.
8. The titles of those Securities of the Undertakings which have not yet been valued with particulars of the payment of interest accruing after the 1st January 1948 and the procedure to be followed on and after the 1st January 1948 by those who may wish to dispose of their holdings.

British Transport Commission

London, 9th December 1947

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK (DOMINION, COLONIAL AND OVERSEAS)

The 22nd ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) will be held in London on Dec. 19.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. Julian S. Crossley, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to Sept. 30, 1947:

While deposits have remained at substantially the same figure as last year, our advances to customers have shown further marked expansion. The year's dividends cost an additional £47,000, the final dividend being payable on the increased capital. For a full year, and at present rates of dividend and income-tax, the additional cost would be double that figure. We are proposing to make the same appropriations of the surplus as last year by writing off £250,000 from the investment in the Development Corporation and placing £50,000 to deferred repairs to premises.

Our figures do not by any means reflect the full increase in the activity of the bank's business during the past year. This has been noticeable in all sections, but has been perhaps most marked in South Africa.

COLONIAL DEVELOPMENT

Our Development Corporation has begun to function actively, and we look forward to a useful and expanding field for its activities. You have heard recently of the proposed new Government Corporation which is to be formed under the title of "The Colonial Development Corporation," with resources of £110,000,000. This does not in any way imply that there will be a conflict of interests between the new Corporation and our own; on the contrary, we believe that our work will be complementary rather than competitive. At the same time, the large increase in the potential resources which will now be available for this type of work will add further meaning to what we ourselves have set out to do.

The field to be covered, in any case, is so great that for many years to come there is likely to be room in it for all. It seems likely, too, that the new Government Corporation will concern itself in the main with a somewhat different type of business and often, no doubt, on a larger scale than anything which we ourselves might wish to undertake. Moreover, it may be expected to act in many cases as a principal whereas our Corporation is intended merely to supply financial assistance in various forms.

It is reassuring to learn that the Government Corporation is to be operated on a commercial basis and, accordingly, that considerations of profit will not be overlooked. This question of profitability is not a trivial matter to be lightly dismissed because if the great work of colonial development is to be carried through it is likely, eventually, to need capital resources on a scale far in excess of that available from a Government Corporation. The motive of profit or gain has ever been one of the mainsprings of human activity, and if conditions are not such as to offer a fair prospective return, it may be difficult to attract new capital into this field.

It would be misleading to raise expectations of the rapid production of great wealth, but if this work can be carried through with foresight and resolution it cannot fail to confer great benefits on the peoples concerned. Much foresight and patience will be needed if the true aims of colonial development are to be realised. Your bank is exceptionally fortunate in being so well placed to implement this policy.

in the right fashion to prove their absolute neutrality.

G. G. MARKSTEIN, R. J. EDWARDS, J. H. NORRIS, D. J. WHITE

Reading.

GREECE

SIR,—Your anonymous correspondent has not exactly answered my chief question, but I am encouraged to persevere. First I must disillusion him about "Ares Veloukhiotis' murder by Greek Right-wing forces" and the suggestion that thereby "Government forces broke the terms of Varkiza long before the Left began military reprisals." Your anonymous correspondent is grateful that I "did not deny that this atrocity took place": but I do. Being in quest of more important information, I did not pause to attack the dead in passing; but since your anonymous correspondent insists, I must. Ares was *not* killed "at the end of May, 1945" any more than he was killed in the autumn; he was *not* murdered by Greek Right-wing forces, even if we allow that as a correct description of the National Guard and their hangers-on; nor was any breach of the Varkiza Agreement involved, except by Ares himself. He explicitly denounced the Varkiza Agreement when he returned to the mountains in self-imposed outlawry in the spring of 1945; for that he was himself denounced by his own partners in EAM/ELAS a few days before his death. As to the manner of his death, examination of the first-hand evidence available in Trikkala in July, 1945, pointed strongly to the following conclusions: that in a skirmish with the National Guard on or about June 16, Ares was either killed outright or (more probably) wounded; in the latter case, that in order to escape capture he was then killed either by one of his own followers or by a hand-grenade which he himself detonated. (I state the variations in *reverse* order of probability.) It is almost certain that his head was cut off by one of his own followers, who then gave himself up and made a sworn statement to that effect. In comparison with these probabilities, one of which is almost certainly correct, there is no shred of evidence to support the charge of "murder by Greek Right-wing forces."

But this is not what I was really after, and I apologise for being diverted by concern for historical accuracy. I turn to the question of "Ares' band ever engaging the Germans at any time." "Ares' band," which I cite from your anonymous correspondent himself, is a perfectly specific term for a perfectly specific unit of ELAS; "the Germans" are equally specific. Using both terms accurately, I still know of no evidence that the former were ever engaged against the latter. Your anonymous correspondent refers me to the operation against the Gorgopotamos rail viaduct and to Col. Myers, supplying the former with a gratuitous "i" and the latter with an erroneous christian name. I have had the privilege of consulting Col. Myers regularly for the last five years; I even had the honour to be his second-in-command against the Italian garrison at the Gorgopotamos viaduct; but I do not need to waste his time in order to assure you that no Germans were involved in that operation. My belief is still that Ares confined the engagements of his band to Greeks, Italians and British in that order of priority; but I am willing to be proved wrong. Your anonymous correspondent refers me to "evil-smelling prisons" and "plenty of books." There are few prisons in Greece that I have not seen, and the most evil-smelling of all was that conducted by EAM/ELAS in Karpenisi in 1943-44; there are even Greeks alive to-day, both ex-members of ELAS and ex-prisoners of ELAS, who owe their liberty partly to my intervention, which is perhaps more than your correspondent can claim, even anonymously. But visiting Greek prisons is no longer practicable for me. That is why I hope your anonymous correspondent will be kind enough to furnish me precise references to the books he mentions, provided only that they be based on first-hand evidence and not on academic prejudice.

C. M. WOODHOUSE

Knebworth, Herts.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. Geoffrey Chandler is no doubt correct in saying, in your issue of November 29, that the advice given by the various British authorities in Greece has often been on the side of moderation. But he does not make sufficient allowance either for the indirect effects of the presence of the British, or for the fact that their intervention has not always been even in its results. May I be permitted to quote from my own personal recollection two instances of its operation?

First, in May, 1945, the British Embassy and Legal Adviser intervened strongly to prevent the trial, on a charge of collaboration with the Germans, of M. Michel Averof, who is a well-known social figure in Athens; the ground of their intervention was that M. Averof had also been of use to the British secret services during the occupation. Yet at the same time, when I tried to enlist the support of the Legal Adviser in the case of M. Someritis, a Socialist leader and journalist who was then on trial (and was subsequently imprisoned) on a trumped-up charge, I was informed that this was a purely Greek matter and no intervention was possible.

Secondly, between January and October, 1945, it was well known that officers of the extreme Right and with collaborationist records had secured control of the General Staff. In January, 1946, I was told by General Manettas, then Liberal Minister for War, that every effort he made to replace these officers with men of democratic views was resisted by the British Military Mission on the ground that appointments should not be made for political reasons.

The real point, which Mr. Chandler ignores, is that the continued presence of British forces and missions is regarded by the extreme Right as amounting to tacit approval of the policy of successive Right-wing governments. Protests made on specific issues will be largely passed over by the Greek authorities, who just do not believe that they are seriously meant, and who feel themselves free to be as provocative as they like because they are certain that they will still have British support whatever happens. Two years ago we could still have influenced the situation in the right direction, but it is now too late to do so; the only course now open, unless we wish to accept a degree of responsibility for the excesses of the régime, is to withdraw our forces and dissociate ourselves completely from the government which commits them.

T. E. M. MCKITTERICK

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

SIR,—Mr. T. C. Worsley informs your readers that Mr. Nicholas Hannen ends my play, *Private Enterprise*, at St. James's Theatre, by "reciting (yes!) Rule Britannia, the family grouped behind him." And he adds that "the humour descends to mannerless puerilities directed against the Prime Minister's name." Here are the lines, spoken in a mood of bitterness and disillusionment by an old man:

> "What was that song we used to sing—an old-fashioned song? Oh, I remember. Britons never, never, *never* shall be slaves. Makes you laugh, doesn't it?"

This, according to Mr. Worsley, is "reciting (yes!)." Is a character never to speak in character? Amabel, who makes the reference to Mr. Attlee's Christian name, is intended to be a twittering woman, of the sort who changes her beliefs when she marries. This is what she says:

> "We call him Clem—among ourselves, of course. His name's Clement. After the saint, I think."

That is the whole of the reference. The remark may be puerile, but is it mannerless? How does Mr. Worsley expect me to make a foolish woman talk? Like Miss Rebecca West? As to the mannerliness, is he, who refers to the lady who had the misfortune to sit next to him, as "a tiara," entitled to mention manners? How, I wonder, would she, had she troubled to observe him, have described Mr. Worsley? I can think of several unladylike words that would fit him to a T. But you, sir, would not print them.

Honey Ditches, Seaton, ST JOHN ERVINE

Company Meeting

TUBE INVESTMENTS

EXPORTS UP 6 TIMES OVER PRE-WAR

The twenty-eighth annual general meeting of Tube Investments, Ltd., was held on December 11th, at Birmingham.

Mr. I. A. R. Stedeford (the chairman) said that direct exports, at over £7,000,000, were double those of 1946 and more than six times the value of those in any pre-war year. In volume they were 400 per cent of the 1938-9 figures. Indirect exports brought the total to at least £1,000,000 a month, and nearly 25 per cent had been sold to hard currency countries. Some T.I. companies were exporting 75 per cent of output, and technical representatives had visited 27 countries to find out what customers were wanting and thinking. He could not promise that T.I. would be able to improve exports by very much if at all in the current year.

Post-war modernisation and business expansion plans, which had already cost £7,000,000, were well advanced, owing to the early start made, and thus would be less seriously affected by the new limits set to capital expenditure. Many tube companies were already modernised, while others were well on the way. The Electrical Division's big new plant at Blythe Bridge was operating at full production; the Cycle Division had installed new plant and layouts, the factory at Newtown, Wales, having settled down as an efficient unit. The cycle companies had achieved new records, both technical and commercial, enjoying by far the largest and most valuable cycle export business.

The merging of the T.I. and Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Co. light alloy activities had been indefinitely postponed owing to present conditions, but T.I. had acquired a controlling interest in the South Wales Aluminium Co., whose modern rolling mills were in construction. The production of light alloy tubes and extrusions, now concentrated at the Redditch factories under a new company, Reynolds Light Alloys, Ltd., were showing good progress.

New scientific methods of production technique were being applied throughout the Group, first applications showing that well over a 20 per cent increase in production could be achieved with the same number of operatives, equipment, working hours and expenditure of energy. Those who apply these methods would find that they would not need to call so heavily as was contemplated on the country's resources for industrial reconstruction.

A comprehensive works pension and life assurance scheme had been adopted, and a plan for the selection and pre-training of future foremen had been introduced.

Concluding, Mr. Stedeford said: "History shows that conditions have been as critical with us before, and if it should now be that even yet we have not reached the upward turn of our fortunes—that turning point will certainly come. We British are a virile and determined people, and given a chance are well able to earn our own living, and a good one, too. But what we must steadfastly keep in mind is the simple truth that the only help upon which we can rely absolutely is self-help. Britain only can save Britain, and that makes it essentially a personal matter to every one of us."

The report and accounts were adopted and the final dividend of 12½ per cent on the Ordinary Stock, making a total of 25 per cent for the year, was approved.

this is TI *to-day*

TI have grown to mean much more than the name Tube Investments can convey. The group began as a free association of interdependent engineering companies, who united their resources while maintaining their individual characters. TI still hold to this principle, but they now concentrate knowledge and skill in many fields.

Precision tubes in steel and light alloys are an important part of TI enterprise. So are bicycles and cycle components, electrical appliances for the home and industry, light alloy sheet, strip and extruded sections. So also are such varied products as pressure vessels for ships, metal furniture, gas cylinders, traffic signs, golf shafts, fabricated light alloy goods, fishing rods, paints, cables, and essential components of locomotives, aeroplanes, cars—to mention only a few.

Tube Investments Limited, The Adelphi London, W.C.2

Balanced budgets

The housewife, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, calls upon expert advice and assistance in her task of balancing the budget. An account at the Midland Bank accurately records income and expenditure, and is accompanied by service and friendly advice upon financial problems. The payment of rent or other regular outgoings can be made by the Bank, while a banker's reference establishes a new customer at a store or business house. Branch managers throughout England and Wales have noticed with pleasure an increasing number of women who are taking advantage of the wide range of services offered by this modern Bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Most people would agree," says Miss Elizabeth Jenkins in her new short study of Fielding,* "that the period of genius [in the English novel] was over with the death of Dickens in 1870." No genius in the modern novel from *Middlemarch* (1872) to Hardy, Meredith, Wells and D. H. Lawrence? Do we forbear to claim Conrad and Henry James? What, it turns out, Miss Jenkins is really saying is that, by 1870, the voice of the eighteenth century had at last died away, and with it, largeness, freedom, masculine spirit and the over-ruling pleasure in human nature. She advances a theory that the æsthetic imagination has declined in power as the population has increased and as the need for social welfare has pressed upon the mind: the choice has been between social justice, on the one hand, and art on the other. More incurable disease, infant mortality, alcoholism, more crime, hunger and corruption: more art. The argument has been put forward before. There is small difficulty in admitting that the task of increasing the social welfare of 45 millions has absorbed energies that the six millions of 1750 did not call upon. It is certain that if Fielding were a barrister on a busy circuit, a Westminster magistrate, reformer of the Home Office or Scotland Yard today, he would have neither the time (nor the facilities) for killing himself with gout by the age of 47 and for writing two or three major contributions to English literature.

But it is not a question of how hard we work—Fielding worked and lived hard with an energy that must astonish us—but of the way in which we see. The strong argument for believing that a small population favoured the imaginative capabilities of English people is that, not being jammed into large cities, they saw life as only country people see it now. The days are long in the country, the eye moves slowly; in the 18th century London itself can have had hardly more animation than present life has in a provincial town like Bath or Ipswich. Even fashionable society, as we see it in the plays of the Restoration and those that follow, seems hardly more than a provincial merry-go-round. A modern adventurer would exhaust it in a fortnight. But the chief virtue of country life is not that society is small there, but that we have to take it as it is. We have the whole dragging year in which there is nothing to watch but our unredeemed neighbours. Their smallest habits become hugely familiar till they blot out the landscape. (Is the lack of landscape in the 18th-century novel and its false urban air, an accident? Surely not: who but a townsman gets any pleasure out of hills and fields!) The great animal presence of people in the 18th-century novel (and in their cartoons), their hoggishness, outlandishness and their placid beauty, is the creation of a countrified or provincial eye.

And yet when we look now across the Channel, across the steppe, or across the Atlantic to countries large or small which are half empty and where life runs as rife and disordered as it did in any novel of Fielding's, we see just as few signs of imaginative genius in the novel. Population, space, leisure seem to have nothing to do with it. Nor does purely political analysis take us very far. It is too simple (even if it is true) to say that the ruling, culture-producing class began with adventure, went on to reform, proceeded to consolidation, hardened into complacency and now disintegrates from within. Our society is just as packed with riotous human material as any of its predecessors—the revival of criminal life compares with anything Fielding tried to put down—but the novelist, like the criminal himself, is segregated. The technical demands of our time have led to specialisation; efficiency keeps both parties to their treadmill. Our class divisions have gone, but our separation from one another has been increased by the need for keeping us organised. Today it is only in cities like Madrid or Lisbon that one can find anything like the easy contact between people which existed here 200 years ago; where one can see the rising Minister trailing with his court of paid parasites and familiars in the streets, or the powerful General sitting with his mistress in the café, the gambling marquis and the half-starved clerk talking together at the street corner; and ourselves rub shoulders with them all.

Even so, the relation of literature to life is only half the story. Fielding wrote at the beginning of the novel, when he could do as he liked; and though the class changes of his time threw an immense new material into his hands, the decisive scource of his genius was his concentration not on life or morals, but on the modes of literature. In his book too much is made by Mr. Willcocks* (another biographer of Fielding) of Fielding's public activities, his moral interests, his work as a social reformer; too much, that is to say, if we leave out the igniting spark of an educated mind which had read the picaresque novels and which had been caught by the manner of Cervantes. To imaginative writers, ways of writing must come first. The art of conversation was the supreme art of the 18th century; it was Fielding's genius that he saw the possibility of a marriage of this art with narrative. That technical venture put the popular life of his time at his disposal. Until Joyce there was no discovery of equal power.

Miss Jenkins's study is intelligent, sympathetic and well-written. Because Fielding has so commonly been considered a man's man and a man's writer—and has been condemned for this—it is pleasant to have the appreciation of a female critic who does not shudder at his animal spirits, his horseplay, his unabashed love of living. Her study is a happy return to the feminine taste of the 18th century which was stronger in nerve and more equable than the taste that has reigned for 200 years since. (Mr. Willcocks's book quotes the modest but defence of *Tom Jones*, which was sent by two young ladies to Richardson when he attacked the book.) A great deal has been made of Fielding's lack of poetry and sensibility. The amount of fighting, skull-cracking that goes on! How noses bleed! It is not very funny, indeed it is disgusting, when Parson Adams has a pan of pig's blood thrown over him, or falls into the midden; and when we are allowed to believe for a page or two that Tom Jones has seduced his mother we are angry enough to throw the book in the fire. But these failures of taste seem small when we consider Fielding's sanguine good sense. There *is* poetry in him, but, as in all the comic writers, it is in the laughter. Unlike Richardson, unlike Defoe, Fielding is an educated man; his fineness is in the intellect not in the nerves; we are moved by his studied humanity, we are enlivened by the resources of an instructed mind. We rejoice in one who is both tender and manly, who is without bitterness and without hypocrisy, who is not easily deceived, who can be shocked but who never loses his sense of proportion. We feel confident in Fielding, not only because we know he has felt deeply but because his mind has lived, too. He has the comic gift of summary utterance and aside, so that we are pleased as much by the pauses over some trivial halt in the narrative, as we are by the racier action. Miss Jenkins quotes from *Tom Jones:*

> Jones now declared that they must certainly have lost their way; but this the guide insisted upon, was impossible, a word which, in common conversation, is often used to signify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and sometimes what hath certainly happened; an hyperbolical violence like that which is so frequently offered to the words infinite and external by the former of which it is usual to express a distance of half a yard and by the latter a duration of five minutes.

No doubt sensibility differs from both subtlety and acumen; we have known it to dabble in the heart and trick out the soul, without dwelling very long in either establishment or leaving us with any settled estimate of them. I doubt, for example, whether the weeping Richardson wrote as well about women as Fielding did. Certainly Richardson made more of them, fussed as they do, but with the coldness of an accessory before the act. It was essential to Richardson's strategic, ever-closer approach to women, that they should arouse desire but never feel it. To Fielding who notoriously and evidently loved women, their desire was not to be regretted; it is the quality that gives even Mrs. SlipSlop a moment of enterprise, that makes Lady Booby agreeable, and Lady Bellaston understandable. There is no more charming scene in English literature than the one in *Joseph Andrews** where Parson Adams quietly sees that Joseph and Fanny spend the night in chastity when they are all camped by the roadside. There are no spying insinuations; there is simply a sensible, I would have said sensitive, appreciation of the delicacy of the comedy and the pressure of the dilemma. Half of love is laughter. And because he liked women as sexual objects, and knows that they value themselves for the same reason, Fielding has no sexual obsession. I must take another of Miss Jenkins's quotations from *Tom Jones*, which has always stayed in my mind, an excellent example of Fielding's power of divination. Again it is an instance of the sense of comedy doing the office of sensibility. When Squire Western is trying to force his daughter to marry the priggish and malicious Blifil, she is nearly tempted to obey. Not because she loves her father but

> "when she reflected how much she herself was to suffer, being indeed to become little less than a martyr to filial love and duty, she felt an agreeable tickling in a certain little passion, which though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often so kind as to lend great assistance to executing the purposes of both."

His women are indeed variable to the life; the coquettes and the matrons, the termagants and pretty misses, the bookish and the daydreamers, the trollops, the adventuresses, the peacocks and the faithful. They are pursued (we are sure) with appreciation; they have all, in their way, turned his head for a moment or two; here he has repented; there he has been caught out, but all, the best and worst, have been fixed for ever by the natural knack of his laughter.

It is easier to write a study of Fielding than to add very much to an account of his life. Where Miss Jenkins is concise and pleasing, Mr. Willcocks, who writes a much fuller book, is picturesque and diffuse. His *Life* suffers from time to time from a jaunty and over-familiar manner, and he jumps awkwardly about from foreground to background. Like Miss Jenkins's book, his is a tempered eulogy, but from Mr. Willcocks we do get a direct impression of the squalor of Gin Alley, the virulence of Grub Street, the filth and crime and horror of the century; and we get an impression, too, of Fielding's enemies and of how they saw him: the handsome *bon viveur* rattling to hell; the dirty journalist, the broken rake "married to his cook-maid," the failed lawyer, tortured by gout, who is offered the magistracy of Westminster not because it is an honour, but because no clean man will touch the job.

Fielding refused to become "a trading justice," that is to say, one who lived by collecting poor devils off the streets on warrant and pocketing the bail at two shillings and fourpence a head. The high-mindedness is typical of him. His plans to reform the Poor Law anticipated the campaigns of the next century.

If Mr. Willcocks is diffuse and cannot be said to replace Fielding's earlier biographers, he says many things that are worth saying. The friendship with Hogarth is brought out and he notes acutely that if Fielding had been Hogarth, he would have been the Hogarth of *Marriage à la Mode* and not the moralist of the *Industrious Apprentice*. Fielding's virtue was gracious because he had been a wit. In the reform of manners which Fielding, like his contemporaries, proposed, the art of conversation was as civilising as the sermons.

V. S. Pritchett

* *Henry Fielding* by Elizabeth Jenkins. Home & Van Thal, 6s. * *A True-born Englishman* by M. P. Willcocks. Allen & Unwin, 15s. * *Joseph Andrews* by Henry Fielding. Hamish Hamilton, 6s.

STALIN

Stalin. By TROTSKY. *Hollis and Carter*, 25s.

This is a book to break the heart of a revolutionary and press heavily on the spirits of a neutral onlooker. It would take a Voltaire to read the tragedy as farce. Nothing, indeed, would be easier than to laugh the whole thing through—provided consciousness could be limited to the principal characters: but there is also the supporting company, which runs into hundreds of millions, uncredited and voiceless. In reading about the men who used these masses as their raw material, the comedy of their actions is overwhelmed by the immensity of the suffering. The gods, taking that in their stride, may still laugh. But not ourselves.

This is a Trotsky, not a Stalin story. It is not a book about Stalin, though it tries very hard to be that: it is a book about Trotsky under the impact of Stalin. To the day of his death, it is perfectly clear, Trotsky had not the shadow of an idea of what it was that had hit him. This book is his strained, conscientious, and almost wholly vain attempt to account for his defeat in terms of a man he could not understand—or even see.

It is incomplete. Trotsky, when he was murdered, had reached 1917. To judge from his introduction he intended to carry on with his painful, pettifogging, scrupulous and insanely irrelevant accumulation of detail until 1923. From then on he promised himself a broader brush, assuming in the reader a knowledge of Stalin's public career, and of his own, Trotsky's, earlier books. Half the present volume is Trotsky's original without the proposed final pruning. The other half is a skilful compilation by Mr. Charles Malamuth of Trotsky's copious notes and drafts, all strung together on the editor's narrative, the sources carefully indicated by brackets. "The purpose of this political biography," writes Trotsky at the outset, "is to show how a personality of this sort is formed, and how it came to power by usurpation of the right to such an exceptional role." The personality is Stalin, Yossif Vissarionovich Djugashvili, the cobbler's son from Gori in the Caucasus: a mediocrity. That is the premise, the immovable point of reference. How, then, was it that a mediocrity who never even won a prize at school came to dominate all Russia, to usurp the mantle of Lenin, and to annihilate totally not only me, Trotsky, but also the whole of the old Bolshevik brotherhood, superior to him in every way? Trotsky really wanted to know the answer, and this book is his agonised quest for it.

It is dignified. It boldly attempts justice. Granted the fundamental fallacy, the mediocrity of Stalin, it achieves a painful honesty. For Trotsky is no longer interested here in discrediting his arch-enemy and conqueror, he wants above all to *know*—to know how it was done. I do not hate Stalin, he says:

> Hatred is, after all, a kind of personal bond. Yet Stalin and I have been separated by such fiery events as have consumed in flames and reduced to ashes everything personal, without leaving any residue whatever. In hatred there is an element of envy. Yet to me, in mind and feeling, Stalin's unprecedented elevation represents the very deepest fall. Stalin is my enemy. But Hitler, too, is my enemy, and so is Mussolini, and so are many others. To-day I bear as little "hatred" toward Stalin as toward Hitler, Franco, or the Mikado. Above all I try to understand them, so that I may be better equipped to fight them.

One could say that had Trotsky hated Stalin instead of despising him he would have understood him better and fought him more effectively. Or, that had he understood him better, then he would have hated him. Instead, there is lasting incomprehension, and the continuing mood is surprised indignation. *How* did this undersized wretch, with the sickly, uncomfortable smile that bore no relation to what he was saying, get away with it? He could not speak, he could not write, he could not inspire, he could not even theorise. He hadn't an original idea in his head. He had no spirit. He lived in a back room. Whereas Trotsky, the passionate Ukrainian Jew with his panache, his flashing torrent of words, the Lloyd George of the absolutist steppe, saw greatness in terms of the mass orator, the scourge of committees, the general with the drawn sword. You led, you attitudinised, you bullied, you inspired, all at the top of your voice. You were then a great man, a heroic figure. You were Trotsky. And you had, to carry out your orders, to translate the general into the particular, a host of lesser men, the stooges, men without a presence, men without personality, faithful men content to sit in back rooms and indent for rations, men on committees. And suddenly you found that one of these men, without a thing to recommend him, was not carrying out your orders, was, in fact, manipulating you—by, for instance, juggling with rations. And you observed with shocked indignation that there was nothing you could do about it. Nothing at all, except shout at the top of your voice, because the false fellow, the usurper, had quietly managed to pack with his mediocre friends every single committee throughout the breadth of the land. And they had all the rations.

That was the kind of thing that Stalin did to Trotsky, who never got over the shock, and who to his dying day could never bring himself to conceive that the ability to pack committees and keep them packed in such a time and place was something formidable. Even when Stalin had finally won and stood forward against the sultry, blood-soaked background of the purges as the acknowledged leader and master of all the Russians, Trotsky still could not see him. Instead of asking him what this portent signified, instead of trying to analyse the qualities unseen and unsuspected which lay behind the immense and terrible achievement of the man who turned revolutionary Russia into what she is to-day, his fallen enemy agonises away at trying to explain how a mediocrity could succeed where greater men had failed. He cannot forget those committees. He would rather admit his overthrow by a man of limited calibre than the faultiness of his judgment in assessing that calibre. Page upon page is devoted to proving, with meticulous care, that Stalin was not bright at school. Therefore . . . It is as though, precisely, an adversary, who—oh, with plenty of reason—resented the way Mr. Churchill had got on, should burrow in Harrovian archives to prove his hollowness. Mr. Churchill may not have won a prize, but he won something else later on. And so did Stalin. So that what it all boils down to is that Trotsky's quarrel was with life, not with Stalin at all, who, for better or for worse, understood life and took it as he found it. As for Trotsky—beneath the dashing man of action there lay a doctrinaire. While Lenin supplied the doctrine all was well. But when the man of action was vanquished and his prop was gone there was nothing but theory to cling to, and the only way to explain Stalin was in terms of violated dogma.

There is material here invaluable to future biographers of Stalin. But the rest of the book is given up to proving what we all know already: that Stalin achieved his aims by craft and guile and ruthlessness. That would have been easy to demonstrate, but it is typical of Trotsky that he should repeat the unsubstantiated story that Stalin caused Lenin's death. And the things about Stalin which Trotsky can least stomach we should put to his credit as a statesman. The things about him which leave us appalled, the violence and the terror, we know about already and feel about, it seems to me, rather more strongly than Trotsky

FABER BOOKS

Indian Art
edited by Sir R. WINSTEDT
A general introduction, coinciding with the Burlington House Exhibition. *With many plates.* 7/6

Ballet School
JOHN GABRIEL
997 beautiful photographs of famous ballet dancers showing every step and movement. 42/-

Furniture DAVID REEVES
An explanatory history showing changes in construction and design that follow new techniques.
Profusely illustrated. 16/-

Oxford Stone W. J. ARKELL
A history of the stone used to construct Oxford's buildings, with proposals for future conservation.
With many plates 25/-

Rogues' Gallery
edited by ELLERY QUEEN
Detection in reverse! — stories centring on famous criminals in fiction. 10/6

T. S. Eliot

"Four Quartets"

Recorded by the Author
under the auspices of the British Council

1. *Burnt Norton* • 2. *East Coker*
3. *The Dry Salvages* • 4. *Little Gidding*

C 3598-603

Greatest Artists

Finest Recording

The Gramophone Company Limited, Hayes, Middx.

Poetry
of the English-Speaking World

Edited by
RICHARD ALDINGTON

This anthology is the richest and most varied volume of its kind to be made available. It includes the work of more than 270 poets, from anonymous writers long before Chaucer to modern writers from both sides of the Atlantic. There are 936 pages in all, with no less than fifty lines to the full page.

December 15th. 15s.

HEINEMANN

seemed to feel. What we want to know, and what Trotsky never begins to tell us, is how to assess this man in the light of Russian history. Unlike poor Lady Macbeth, Stalin understands the use of Rinso. But what else?

EDWARD CRANKSHAW

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

No Mistaking Corker. By MONICA EDWARDS. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

The Secret Ledge. By DOROTHY KEEN. *Temple.* 6s.

Silver Shoals. By HAMILTON COCHRAN. *Jarrolds.* 10s. 6d.

Royal Chase. By JOAN SELBY-LOWNDES. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

The Spirit of Jem. By P. H. NEWBY. *Lehmann.* 8s. 6d.

Little Gorky of the Black Swans. By MAURICE BRADDELL. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.

Come In. By OLIVE DEHN. *Shakespeare Head.* 7s. 6d.

Little Reuben at the North Pole. By RICHARD STRACHEY. *Witherby.* 7s. 6d.

The Snail that Climbed the Eiffel Tower. By ODO CROSS, illustrated by JOHN MINTON. *Lehmann.* 7s. 6d.

The Doll's House. By Rumer Godden. *Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

Nicholas and the Fast Moving Diesel. By EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.

Miss Richards' Mouse. By NORAH PULLING, illustrated by SUSAN EINZIG. *Carrington.* 3s. 6d.

Little Grey Rabbit and the Weasels. By ALISON UTTLEY, pictures by MARGARET TEMPEST. *Collins.* 3s. 6d.

Judy's Cookery Book. By MURIEL GOAMAN. *Faber.* 4s. 6d.

My Needlework Book. By GLADYS and BEE MCMULLEN. *Mowbrays.* 5s.

Flowers and Their Families. By LADY ELPHINSTONE. *Hollis and Carter.* 7s. 6d.

Are children literal-minded and realistic, or fantastic and illogical? Do they prefer the world of science or the world of dreams? The truth probably is that there are as many kinds of children as there are adults, and that only in the very vaguest way can one attribute to them tastes peculiar to their youth; but perhaps it is safe to say that after about ten or twelve a growing desire for knowledge demands some element of realism, though before that age fantasy may be quite enough. Even fantasy, however, is displeasing if it does not keep to some formal rules.

The authors of most modern adventure books for older boys and girls apparently take the view that children are searchers after facts, and like the skeleton of an exciting story to be well covered over with realistic detail. Miss Monica Edwards, for instance, authoress of *No Mistaking Corker* (9 to 14), makes it clear that she knows a lot about horses, and children of the horse-loving kind, or at least what such children would like to be like. More important, she tells a good and exciting story. *The Secret Ledge* is another adventure book for the same age, about the same kind of children, who (though not riders this time) wear shorts, and swarm up ropes efficiently. The heroes and heroines of both these books have the advantage of not being quite perfect, and are sometimes caught out losing their tempers, being afraid or even crying. *Silver Shoals* is a novel for rather older girls and boys (13–15) about an expedition to raise treasure from a sunken Spanish galleon in the time of James II; and *Royal Chase* (9–14) describes the life of a boy in Henry VIII's reign, and has an exact historical background of monastery schools and witch trials, carefully filled in with close-hatched lines. All these books can in their different ways be recommended. With *The Spirit of Jem* we come to something quite different. We enter the world of hallucinations and surrealism, of the fantastic and the macabre. In this curious book the laws of nature are completely suspended, not as *Gulliver's Travels* and *Alice in Wonderland* suspend them, by creating a new universe with its own imagined laws, but by describing a world which even within its own limits is strictly illogical. And this I suspect, in spite of every desire to avoid generalizing about them, most of the young do not like. Mr. Newby *never* explains how or why nearly all his characters lost their memories; nor why the signpost had two arms, one saying Yes and one No; nor why the man in a bowler hat had lost his trousers and played on a tin whistle. Add to this a sinister, rather maniacal atmosphere; a lot of knocking about, blood and toughness; the hint of a satire on dictators; and the impression that the author is free-wheeling downhill with a load of his own obsessions. . . . Well, for those that like that sort of thing, here it is, admirably produced and illustrated, and it must be added, well written too. Also for older children (8–13), but in a somewhat different category, is *Little Gorky of the Black Swans*. This is a complicated story about two groups of swans, inhabiting neighbouring lakes. They are to the last degree anthropomorphized birds, and as the campaign between their rival Air Forces makes up most of the book, they are liable to use expressions like "prang" and "he's had it," as well as quoting from Hamlet and Itma in their more sophisticated moments. But Mr. Braddell has undeniable powers of invention, and this is a lively book, in spite of the suggestion of yet another satire on dictators which is ever in the offing.

Coming to books for younger children, one is reminded of the inexplicable fact that modern schools teach no one to read before the age of six. They should, then, have good pictures and be pleasing to parents, who have to read them out loud. At this age the fantastic and imaginative has a greater appeal, and pure realism tends to be boring. As a dreadful warning of the lengths to which the humdrum can go, I quote from *Come In*, the account of "an ordinary day in the life of an ordinary family":—

> Mummy had just finished putting Sara to bed. It took longer than usual because the moment she was tucked into her basket she was slightly sick down her neck and behind one ear, so that she had to be unwound, sponged and re-tucked all over again.

No indeed. I turn with relief to three delightful imaginative books for children of about 5 to 9. Richard Strachey is one of the best modern writers of children's books, and *Little Reuben at the North Pole* adds another volume to a series which deserves its popularity; it is at least as good as its predecessors. *The Snail that Climbed the Eiffel Tower* is a collection of magical and slightly melancholy stories by an author who evidently vividly remembers the poetry and fascination of old decaying summerhouses and the miniature rooms of the penny-in-slot machines on piers. The illustrations of both these books are attractive, and perfectly in the mood of the stories. Rumer Godden's *The Doll's House* presents that midget world with great liveliness, and peoples it with interesting characters, including a particularly fiendish Bad Doll. Any little girl of 4 to 9 who has a doll's house would like this book. Other agreeable picture-books for children of 3 to 6 are: the new Ardizzone, *Nicholas and the Fast Moving Diesel*, which has large pages, plenty of pictures and a simple tale about two boys who drive a railway engine; *Miss Richards' Mouse*, a poem illustrated by gay

CHATTO BOOKS

NEW FICTION

Whisky Galore
COMPTON MACKENZIE
An uproarious farce in the familiar setting of *The Monarch of the Glen.* 9s. 6d. net

The Prevalence of Witches
AUBREY MENEN
'Scintillating; delicious; intelligent and funny; highly entertaining', say the critics. 9s. 6d. net

God's Eyes A-Twinkle
T. F. POWYS
An anthology of short stories. 470 pp. 15s. net

THE LEGEND OF THE MASTER
SYLVIA LYND (*Bookman*):—"A sublime study of Henry James the perfect subject for such a book. . . . Yes, this is a delicious and hilarious book for the not too grave and reverend seniors who can love without solemnity. . . . *The Legend of the Master* is, indeed, a book to love and delight in."
Simon NOWELL-SMITH
Constable 12/6

Adam Was a Ploughman
C. Henry Warren
Illustrated by John Aldridge
"Lively and refreshing . . . a bedside book that takes one back to the pure air of the countryside and the out-of-door life." *Irish Times*
"Admirably illustrated, a delightful record . . . will be read and re-read." *Western Mail.*
10s. 6d. net

It's My Delight
Brian Vesey-FitzGerald
Illustrated by Watkins-Pitchford
"Once more I am struck by the variety and extent of Vesey-FitzGerald's knowledge of the English countryside, of its birds and beasts, of all outdoor businesses and thoughts, of the life of men and dogs of every day, above all of every night." *The Field*
10s. 6d.
Eyre & Spottiswoode

Studies in Financial Organization
T. BALOGH
Published for the National Institute of Economic and Social Research. 21s. net

A History of Portugal
H. V. LIVERMORE
Portuguese history from pre-Roman times to 1940. 7 maps: 13 plates. 36s. net

★

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

lithographs; and *Little Grey Rabbit and the Weasels*, a sure favourite in the Beatrix Potter tradition.

Lastly, three informative books may solve some problems. *Judy's Cookery Book* (8–12) contains a few simple recipes, and leaves nothing to the imagination; and *My Needlework Book* has been tried out, and proved inspiring to a little girl of 6. As for *Flowers and their Families*, I should have preferred it if Dame Nature herself, "a lady dressed in soft leaf-green" had not been called in to sugar-coat the pill.

FRANCES BIRD

FOOTNOTES TO HISTORY

Mixed Grill. By SIR GEORGE LEVESON GOWER. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In seniority among living writers Sir George Leveson Gower is second only to Mr. Shaw; it is sixty-seven years since he became Mr. Gladstone's private secretary. His new book is a collection of anecdotes, uneven in interest, but many of them valuable to historians and biographers. A grandson of Lady Bessborough's Lord Granville, a great-grandson of Duchess Georgiana, a nephew of "Pussy" Granville (the Foreign Minister who married Lord Acton's mother), Sir George was brought up in the heart of a still vigorous Whiggery.

> My Aunt Marian and my father often had political skirmishes. When, in one of these, he had quoted Mr. Gladstone, she exclaimed, "really, my dear Freddy, I believe that you think Mr. Gladstone is infallible, like the Pope." "I never thought that the Pope was infallible," was his answer.

Sir George continued the family tradition of public service, first on the Liberal benches of the House, then in the Office of Woods and Forests. He found time also to travel, to shoot and to write verse. Already at Eton his taste for literature landed him in hot water, for he was caught reading *Les aventures de Faublas*: "Where did you first see or hear of this disgusting, obscene book?" his tutor thundered. "In my father's library, sir."

How large and humane and civilised and sensible are the values reflected in this volume! Privilege was a manure that nourished side by side the rankest weeds and finest flowers. Sir George is highly amusing at the expense of grandees whose manners belied their station: Lord Curzon comes in for some hard knocks, so does the wife of the great Lord Salisbury. Then a whole vanished world is conjured by the following comment of an old Tory upon Bonar Law's strange promotion to Downing Street:

> Things have come to a pretty pass when we have to have a Premier who don't hunt nor shoot; don't smoke, and is teetotal; has meat teas; wears jemimas [elastic-sided boots]; never notices a pretty woman; and goes to Chapel! A nice leader for the Tory Party!

A number of the stories are familiar, but have not so far as I know been previously put into print; in her majestic old age Queen Victoria devours a bird's leg in her fingers and gets reproved by a child of five: "Piggy-wiggy! Oh, Piggy-wiggy!" And then Lord Hartington is given as a wedding present a set of napkin rings: never having seen such objects, he enquires their use, whereupon perplexity is succeeded by disgust. Sir George also recounts that Jean Harlow, the film actress, kept calling Lady Oxford "Margott," provoking at last the riposte "It should be 'Margo,' without the *t*, as in Harlow." I once asked Lady Oxford about this, and, alas, it was not true—she had never even heard the story.

There are dozens of anecdotes that I should enjoy quoting from this book, including some stunners about Labouchere. At the end Sir George says that if his work is well received, he may give us a further series. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

JAPANESE FAMILY

A Brother is a Stranger. By TORU MATSUMOTO and M. O. LERRIGO. *Gollancz.* 18*s*

This autobiography, written by a Japanese Christian with the help of an American friend, is a pedestrian piece of work, discursive and repetitious. Having pointed out its defects, I must now add that it is also a book which no one who really wants to understand the inherent difficulties of reorganising Japan should fail to read with the greatest care. Studies of this kind written by foreigners, even though they happen to be trained anthropologists, are inevitably somewhat suspect; but here, for the first time, is a criticism of the Japanese social system written by one who was brought up in it.

The author's father was a doctor with something of a passion for the down and out, but easy-going and fond of the good things of life. He was also a Buddhist, and it was perhaps his misfortune to be married to the daughter of an earnest Salvationist, a woman of the highest principles but a Christian of the most rigid kind, given to hymn-singing and opposed to the use of alcohol and tobacco. It is hardly strange, then, that this likeable man was soon forced to find his pleasures outside the home; nor is it surprising to read that he finally died of drink. In the mother's favour it must be said, however, that she never deviated from her Christian principles, and when the father deserted the family she slaved to educate her children. Only once did she revert to type; when her money was exhausted and there appeared to be no further chance of work, she gathered her children round her for a final prayer and suggested mass suicide.

The young Toru seems not to have recognised the essential tragedy in this family conflict which, with a little give and take, might so easily have been avoided. He was always something of a mother's boy, early attracted to Christianity and, let us face it, a bit of a prig. His earliest education was of the orthodox Japanese type, and the chapters in which he describes his boyhood in national elementary and middle schools are the most revealing in the book. Later on, he was able to enter a Christian College in Tokyo, where he became interested in the work of the Y.M.C.A. A student conference gave him the opportunity to visit the United States, where he was also to meet the Japanese girl who eventually became his wife. After a further period in Japan he was back in America doing social work, and when war broke out was immediately interned with others of his countrymen. It is greatly to the credit of the United States Government that they soon released Matsumoto and allowed him to carry on with his work, and a remarkable tribute to democracy that although an enemy alien (which he still is), he was actually ordained during the war into the ministry of the Reformed Church in America.

To those who do not know Japan the most incredible part of this story is the attitude of the author's elder brother who, in accordance with Japanese tradition, on the death of his father assumed dictatorial powers over the rest of the family. Perhaps as a result of the mother's excessive puritanism, he grew up into what seems almost a caricature of the perfect Japanese nationalist. He not only ordered Toru to change his education and become a doctor, but having failed to stop him from marrying the girl of his choice, tried, unsuccessfully one is glad to note, to get the marriage annulled under Japanese law.

Matsumoto, with his wife and family, is still in the United States, and intends to devote his life to the spreading of liberal ideas in Japan.

LOW LIFE

a delightfully witty book and an ideal Christmas gift

with verses by
JOHN PUDNEY
and drawings by
JAMES BOSWELL
3*s* 6*d*
THE BODLEY HEAD

A MIRROR FOR FRENCH POETRY
1840-1940
edited by
Cecily Mackworth
A bi-lingual volume in which the leading French poets of the last hundred years are given both in the original and in translation by English poets. Included among the translators are T. S. Eliot, Flecker, Lord Alfred Douglas, Aldous Huxley and Louis MacNeice. **10/6 net**
ROUTLEDGE

A Christmas Gift
The Journals of
ANDRE GIDE
(Nobel Prizewinner, 1947)
Volume 1, 1889-1913
"A treasure house of discussion of every artistic and intellectual movement over more than half a century, of every known writer and artist. It is a book to have beside one and to dip into constantly—there is something for every taste."
—Enid Starkie in *Time and Tide.*
"Enthralls us as a record of French bourgeois culture."
—*The Spectator.*
"Composed of layer upon layer of irreplaceable matter."
—*The Listener.*
"It is the absolute objectivity, the detachment of the born writer which makes it impossible, once we have taken up the Journal of Gide, not to read on in a trance of attention."—*News Chronicle.*
25*s.* net
SECKER & WARBURG

Primers for the Age of Plenty, No. 4
Edited by
LANCELOT HOGBEN
History of the Homeland
HENRY HAMILTON
A new and exciting English history, dealing with human needs—Land, Food, Clothes, Health, Commerce, Labour, and other questions that matter to people today.
Oversubscribed, but copies available at booksellers.
Illustrated. 600 *pages.* 18*s. net*
George Allen & Unwin Ltd

He feels, and in my opinion rightly, that the only hope for his country lies in a fundamental reorganisation of the family system; that it is useless to talk of democracy until such time as every member of the family is free to order his own life without undue reference to the other members of it. Where I differ from him is in thinking that only by the spread of Christianity can this be brought about. He seems unwilling to admit, or perhaps does not realise, that some of the most barbarous Japanese militarists were themselves brought up in the Christian faith. The Buddhist ethic is in no way inimical to what we understand by the civilised life. It is moreover already firmly rooted in Japan. That its higher principles have been disregarded in recent years is beside the point. The Japanese have doubtless many faults, but I hardly feel that these will be eliminated by the mere provision of a litter of tin churches. JOHN MORRIS

MORE ABOUT RIMBAUD

Arthur Rimbaud. By ENID STARKIE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Like most other great poets, Rimbaud attempted to solve the riddle of the Universe. His solution was an effort to identify himself with the Power that set the riddle. For his failure the theologian, the metaphysician and the psychoanalyst would each have their reasons; but what a magnificent attempt! Only Milton's Satan and Stavrogin (who record, as I believe, similar Pyrrhic disasters in the spiritual lives of their creators) come near it. On the fact of Rimbaud's intention literally to become God, there can be no doubt. Verlaine, his only confidant, proclaims it, with Miltonic imagery, in *Crimen Amoris*, where "the most beautiful of the Wicked Angels" cries "Je serai celui-là qui sera Dieu." Rimbaud's entire production from *Bateau Ivre* to *Saison en Enfer* records the "magical sophisms" which were to project him, like a shell from a gun, onto the throne of God; and *Saison en Enfer* is an agonising confession of his defeat and guilty humiliation. This explanation of Rimbaud's poetic career, though true, obvious and convincing, has seemed too monstrous to most of his biographers, who have therefore accounted for him in terms of schizophrenia (which is one way of putting it), drug-addiction, homosexuality, Catholicism manqué, and other qualities which would hardly suffice to explain my aunt.

Miss Starkie's reliance on a sound central hypothesis, her access to unpublished documents and her ample scale have made her biography of Rimbaud the best in any language. This is a revised edition: possessors of the first will wish to know what new material is in the second. They will find, among much else, an additional thirty pages, two more portraits, an enlarged bibliography, new discoveries on Rimbaud in England, especially the mystery year 1874, and on his readings and experiments in magic, an exciting piece of news; the original manuscript of the *Illuminations* has been found and edited for the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade. Of the five quoted lines which in the first edition refused to scan, a word having been mis-spelled or omitted, those on pages 50, 91 and 427 are still uncorrected.

As to the additional Christian name Joseph, which appears on Rimbaud's application for a reader's ticket at the British Museum, and not elsewhere, I have a suggestion. Miss Starkie scents an occult significance; but it was the custom for a young Frenchman to take an additional saint's name at his first communion, and I submit we owe this one not to Rimbaud's researches in magic, but to the piety of his respected mother. G. D. PAINTER

Hepplewhite Furniture Designs. A. TIRANTI. 7s. 6d.
English Blue and White Porcelain of the 18th Century. By STANLEY W. FISHER. £2 2s. *Batsford.*

Hepplewhite, though he has given his name to a period, is as a personality the least distinctive of the great triad of 18th century furniture makers: his reputation derives chiefly from his book, *The Cabinet Maker and Upholster's Guide*, from the final edition of which these eighty plates are reprinted. They form an admirable reflection of the decorative values of his age. Complementary to these is Mr. Stanley Fisher's book, which with its clear and easy narrative, its four exquisite coloured plates and numberless photographs, will enchant both the trained connoisseur and the inexperienced collector for whom it is primarily intended. In the bleak present of stark utility these books conjure for us a nostalgic vision of softly grained mahogany toned to the lovely diversity in pigment and design of English porcelains, the quiet dignity of English silver plate, the unrivalled inventiveness of the English craftsmen who devised and made these things.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BACH: *Brandenburg Concerto No.* 1 (Boyd Neel Orch., cond. Boyd Neel. Decca K1541–3). In no way inferior to the excellent recordings of Nos. 2 and 3 by the same orchestra. On a pre-war gramophone the Busch Chamber Orchestra sets of these concertos may still sound better than the recent issues (including Koussevitzky's No. 4), but the latest recordings are better adapted to modern equipment and I cannot see that the interpretation is in any sense faulty.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Sixth Symphony* ("*Pathétique*") (Philharmonia Orch., cond. Nicolai Malko. H.M.V. C3630–4). This is the kind of modern recording which is calculated to induce rage or despair, according to the temperament of the reviewer. There is nothing, in my judgment, wrong with Nicolai Malko's view of this too familiar symphony, and it is clear that the orchestra is giving an accurate and energetic performance. But the fact remains that the recording level is so consistently and recklessly high that Tchaikovsky's strenuous climaxes roar and crackle like a warehouse on fire, while even the pianissimo passages have the unreal quality of a tiny object greatly magnified. Music as feverish as this needs much more careful handling. The Furtwängler set remains on the whole the most satisfactory.

RAÇHMANINOFF: *Second Piano Concerto* (Cyril Smith with Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Sargent. Col. DX1424–8). When a pianist has played a concerto so often that he makes it sound as easy as falling off a log, something of value is inevitably lost. All the same, Mr. Cyril Smith's passage-work is a pleasure to follow, though his tendency to rush the lyrical second subjects injures their appeal and makes the whole work appear more tawdry than it need. The orchestral part is well recorded and balanced, but the piano overloads badly at times. No one has ever surpassed Rachmaninoff's own performance in this concerto, and although his set is now pretty old, I think it still has the advantage of recent issues, none of which is really well recorded.

DVORAK: *In der Natur—Overture* (Czech Philharmonic Orch., cond. Kubelik. H.M.V. C3628–9). A most attractive piece of romantic music, hitherto somewhat neglected in this country. *In der Natur* is melodious, delicate in feeling, and glowingly scored. The performance is completely authentic and beautifully recorded.

HUMPERDINCK: *Overture—"Hänsel and Gretel"* (Hallé Orch., cond. Barbirolli. H.M.V. C3623). For some reason I cannot pretend to fathom, the Hallé orchestra seems rather unlucky in its recordings these days: there is a lack of clarity in the *tutti*, and a "canned" quality about the tone that is no less unsatisfactory for being difficult to define closely. However the aspiring coda of this overture succeeds in evoking the touching poetry of ordinary domestic happiness, which is the kernel of Humperdinck's opera. We are conscious of a good routine performance.

STRAUSS (JOHANN): *Emperor Waltz* (Vienna

The Steep Places
NORMAN ANGELL
'Reveals a constructive vision which none who aspire to peace in freedom can regard unmoved.' —*Times Literary Supplement*
8s. 6d. *net*

Usage and Abusage
A Guide to Good English
ERIC PARTRIDGE
3rd edition 15s. *net*

The Cold War
WALTER LIPPMANN
A study in U.S. Foreign Policy.
2s. 6d. *net*

HAMISH HAMILTON LTD

TWO OLD MASTERS OF CRIME
★
Anthony Webb
A QUEER BAG OF BODIES
A new "Mr. Pendlebury" novel.
Ready Dec. 9. 8/6 *net.*

Leo Grex
THE STALAG MITES
A novel of violent action in which ex-P.O.W.s combat a new Nazi challenge.
Ready Dec. 9. 8/6 *net.*
★
from HARRAP

1848—1948
A Hundred Years Of
Revolution
studies from various aspects by
Max Beloff
Christopher Hollis
John Hewetson
T. A. Jackson
Raymond Postgate
Hugh Ross Williamson
George Woodcock (Editor)
together with selected contemporary documents and illustrations
Lge Cr. 8vo. 15/- net
Publication early 1948
The PORCUPINE PRESS LTD
26, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1

THE GREEK WAY
Selected, translated and edited by
KATHLEEN FREEMAN
A delightful anthology of prose and verse about everyday life in ancient Greece, with sections on love and hate, food and drink, etc.
Illustrated with photographs and decorations.
15s.
MACDONALD

Philharmonic Orch., cond. Karayan. Col. LX1021). The recent recordings of the Vienna Philharmonic seem to me among the best in the world, and this one is no exception. Until Bruno Walter recorded it, ten years ago, the *Kaiserwalzer* was not particularly well-known outside Austria, where however it has always been highly esteemed by musicians. It says much for Johann Strauss that his music appears to advantage in a meticulous symphonic performance such as this, which lights up the magnificent complexion of the tunes and brings out the real distinction of the musicianship. As in the case of the *Zigeunerbaron* overture, I consider that this recording supersedes the old one, which is in any case no longer available.

MOZART: *Concerto for Flute and Harp* (K299) (René Le Roi and Lili Laskine with Royal Philharmonic Orch., cond. Beecham. H.M.V. DB6485–7). The new issue of this clever and sprightly work is less of a total gain than it might have been, considering the lightness and transparency of the texture, and the eminently "recordable" nature of the solo instruments. The performance is undoubtedly a refined and graceful one, but the recording is below the standard of other recent Beecham issues, since it fails to preserve clarity in the inner parts and the orchestral tone is edgy and shallow.

DELIBES: *"Coppélia"—Ballet Suite* (Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Lambert. Col. DX1429–30). A delightful selection, exceptionally well played and recorded. Would make a good Christmas present for almost anyone.

BORODIN: *Polovtsian Dances—"Prince Igor"* (Philadelphia Orch., cond. Ormandy. Col. LX1027). A very brilliant record. The absence of the chorus will be regretted by some people; but the orchestral performance and recording do full justice to the rutilant colour and athletic rhythms of this picturesque music.

AUBER: *Overture—"The Crown Diamonds"* (London Philharmonic Orch., cond. Cameron. Decca K1458). Disappointingly, this overture does not maintain the interest and pleasure aroused by its quiet opening. Three-quarters of the piece consists of empty bustle, of the type that becomes insupportable at a second hearing. The recording is adequate, though not remarkable.

BEETHOVEN: *Quartet in C minor, op. 18 No. 4* (Paganini Quartet. H.M.V. DB6488–90). It is heartening to note that the gramophone companies are not relaxing their efforts to popularise chamber music. Beethoven's early works continually surprise us by their freshness and fertility of invention, and among them the six string quartets op. 18, though very various, are of an almost equal interest. This vivid and tonally beautiful performance by the Paganini Quartet makes one hope that all six quartets will shortly become once more available on discs. Until this issue only No. 1 was in the current catalogue.

BRAHMS: *Quartet in A minor, op. 51 No. 2* (Busch Quartet. Col. LX1022–5). His string quartets do not, I seem to feel, display Brahms at his most inspired: there is something obvious and tightly mechanical in their construction, and a lack, as it were, of room to move about in. But of course it will not do to neglect them, and the latest set of the A minor Quartet is a most authoritative affair. Adolf Busch's tone—not very rich at the best of times—sounds a bit reedy and does not join easily on to the rest of the ensemble. Apart from this drawback, the performance is in beautiful style and commendably recorded.

HANDEL: *Sonata for Violin and Piano, No. 4 in D* (Arr. in G for Viola by Bernard Shore) (Bernard Shore and Gerald Moore. H.M.V. B9596–7). This is the justly well-known sonata previously recorded by Szigeti (deleted) and also by Menuhin (about to be deleted). While it is impossible not to sympathise with viola players for wishing to extend their exiguous repertoire by transcriptions, it cannot honestly be said that Mr. Shore's rendering is any improvement on Menuhin's superb performance of the sonata in its original form. It is in good taste and well recorded, otherwise not very pointful.

SCHUMANN: *Arabeske*, op. 18 (Rubinstein. H.M.V. DB6492). That rare thing, a perfect piano record. The title exactly describes the nature of the music, which might, one feels, belong to one of Schumann's sets of fantastic drawings—the *Kreisleriana* or the *Humoresque*. Rubinstein plays the piece with enormous rhythmical cunning and the most delicious variations of tone.

CHOPIN: *Mazurkas, No. 17 in B flat minor*, and *No. 32 in C sharp minor* (Malcuzynski. Col. LX1028). Though widely separated in time, both these Mazurkas are to be counted among Chopin's richest and most poetic compositions in the genre. Malcuzynski plays the later of the two (in C sharp minor) with sensitive attention to the contrapuntal style of the piece, which was a happy result of Chopin's preoccupation with Bach. In the earlier Mazurka the pianist insists so heavily on the accents that the mysterious and nostalgic feeling is all but dispelled. The recording is adequate.

WEBER: *Invitation to the Dance* (Schnabel. H.M.V. DB6491). A very prim, colourless performance. Some dazzling virtuoso like Simon Barer might succeed in making a revival of the piano version of this piece seem worth while; but the mere fact that we should, I believe, in any case think of such a performance as a revival, implies that Berlioz's orchestral transcription has finally displaced the original version.

DEBUSSY: *Général Lavine, Eccentric; La Terrasse des Audiences au Clair de Lune* (Casadesus. Col. LB64). As recently, in the case of *Ondine*, M. Casadesus' playing of the second of these Preludes lacks the Impressionist atmosphere without which Debussy's piano music tends to go in at one ear and out at the other. *Général Lavine* is a haystack-hitting joke, the point of which can be made by any competent pianist. The recording is not outstandingly agreeable.

MENDELSSOHN: *Elijah* (Baillie, Johnston, Ripley, Williams, with Huddersfield Choral Society and Liverpool Philharmonic Orch., cond. Sargent. Col. DX1408–23). This is the kind of music to which English singing is best suited, by tradition and sentiment. For better or worse, we have got this oratorio in our bones and for generations have accepted unblushingly Mendelssohn's attempt to mix the styles of Bach and Spohr, an emulsion which might well have proved hard to swallow. This recording is a very fine one, resonant and well balanced. The orchestra, conductor and soloists were all admirably chosen for the occasion and perform as to the manner born.

GLUCK: *Orfeo* (Kathleen Ferrier, Anne Ayars, Zoe Vlachopoulos, with Glyndebourne Chorus and Southern Philharmonic Orch., cond. Stiedry. Decca K1656–62). The Glyndebourne *Orfeo* was in musical respects a considerable success, and, quite apart from Miss Ferrier's dignified Orpheus, it had the distinction of introducing to English audiences two admirable opera singers from the United States and Greece. Unfortunately, the Decca issue cannot be enthusiastically recommended, for it shows signs of haste in the making: the abridgement has not been sensibly come at; both the second and the third acts begin in the middle of a side (in the first case the label is

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world.

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £3 yearly.

Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).

Surface Edition, $7 Yearly; Six months, $3.50.

Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

TO BE PUBLISHED DECEMBER 15th

THE WANDERER
(LE GRAND MEAULNES)
by ALAIN-FOURNIER
Introduction by Bonamy Dobrée
Drawings by JOHN MINTON
10/6

A BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

Review which appeared when the book was first produced in translation in America.

It is the magic which suffuses the incidents of the story, the wandering gleam upon it which make it so remarkable an experiment in fiction. . . . The whole conception of the novel is lit by a sort of poetry or regret for lost innocence and vanished enchantments.
Times Literary Supplement.

Half a million copies sold in France, and a French film in preparation.

PAUL ELEK LONDON, E.C.1.

Music For The Man Who Enjoys Hamlet

B. H. HAGGIN

This book by the music critic of the New York *Nation* is a book for anyone—with musical training or without it—who is interested in listening to music; and the musically untrained reader should not be frightened by the passages of music that he will see in it. For it is a book intended to be read *as he listens*—with words to illuminate what he hears, measurements to tell him where on gramophone records he can hear what the words refer to, and passages in musical notation to help his mind grasp details by having his eye follow as his ear listens.

The book is written as a guide to the music with which the reader must become familiar if he is to acquire insight into a number of great works—a guide which takes him through works of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Schubert and other composers, telling him what things there are to listen for. This book will teach, provoke, and excite new interest.

Illustrated with Music Examples. 8s 6d net

Current book list on request from
12 Park Place, St James's, London SW1
Dennis Dobson Limited

THE NEW SHOPFRONT
Christmas Shoppers should visit
ALFRED WILSON'S BOOKSHOP
133 Victoria St., S.W.1
In the expanded and reorganised premises are all the new books and many old favourites, a new Children's Room and the newly opened Mezzanine floor with a wonderful display of CHRISTMAS CARDS and Calendars, Leather Goods and Stationery.
TELEPHONE: VICTORIA 1080

Middle East Journey
RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS
A constructive and topical survey by an original observer.
Illustrated. 15s. *net*

Light & Shade at Scotland Yard
H. M. HOWGRAVE-GRAHAM C.B.E.
Entertaining reminiscences by the Secretary of Scotland Yard, 1927-1946. *Illustrated.* 15s. *net*

★ "Exceedingly candid. It shows us history and its dramatis personæ in the raw." *Glasgow Herald.* **Old Diplomacy** by **Lord Hardinge of Penshurst.** 18s. *net*

White Wheat
MICHAEL GARETH LLEWELYN
A romance of Wales. 10s. 6d. *net*
JOHN MURRAY

misleading); the recording tone is mostly very harsh and unpleasant. However, now that the Columbia set is no longer available listeners are advised to acquire Miss Ferrier's "Che puro ciel," which comes through quite well, and also not to miss at least some example of Zoe Vlachopoulos' vigorous and confident singing.

BIZET: *Cavatine de Leila*—"Les Pêcheurs de Perles" (Janine Michaud with London Symphony Orch., cond. Muir Mathieson. Decca K1672). PUCCINI: *Sola perduta*—"Manon Lescaut"; *Con onor*—"Madame Butterfly" (Adriana Guerrini with Symphony Orch. of the Augusteo, Rome, cond. Bellezza. Col. DX1431). VERDI: *Cortigiani, vil razza dannata*—"Rigoletto." ROSSINI: *Largo al Factotum*—"Barber of Seville" (Paolo Silveri with Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Rignold. Col. DX1432). ROSSINI: *Dunque io son*—"Barber of Seville." VERDI: *Ah! solo per me l'infamia*—"Rigoletto" (Margherita Carosio and Carol Tagliabue with Royal Opera House Orch., cond. Patanè. HMV DB6387). VERDI: *Credo* and *Era la notte*—"Otello" (Paul Schoeffler with London Philharmonic Orch., cond. Rankl. Decca K1664). WAGNER: *Elsa's Dream*—"Lohengrin" (Helen Traubel with New York Philharmonic Orch., cond. Hermann Busch. Col. LX1026). I have listed these operatic records in order, as it seems to me, of excellence. The Bizet aria is magically pretty and extremely well sung. Unlike earlier issues, this one includes the charming orchestral coda, which is absolutely necessary to round off the song. Signora Guerrini is an able soprano with plenty of voice, and her performance of the death scene from *Manon Lescaut* is a fine piece of emotional singing; moreover, the aria is one of Puccini's most imaginative inventions and it has not been recorded before (except in a complete set of the opera, issued long ago in Italy). The Silveri disc is worth acquiring for the *Largo al Factotum*, which is sung with immense gusto and bravura. The recording is extremely realistic and manages to avoid overloading. In the duet from *Rigoletto* the singers are quite well matched and the result is very pleasing. In the *Barber* excerpt Signor Tagliabue attempts to do by bluster what Signora Carosio achieves by accuracy. Herr Schoeffler contrives, with the aid of the Italian language, to give a very much more authentic impression than is usual with German baritones; and the recording is especially good. The advantages of a double-sided version of *Elsa's Dream* are largely nullified by the absence of the chorus, and the recording imparts a nasty edge to both voice and orchestra. Behind this fuzz Mme. Traubel appears to be singing well, but I cannot recommend the disc.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 929

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for a set of New Year resolutions made by either a doctor, a barrister, an actor or composer, to be written in the metre of Locksley Hall. Length 12 lines. Entries by Dec. 23.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 926

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The tradition of polished congratulatory verse-writing seems to have failed on the present occasion. Competitors are invited to remedy the deficiency with a sonnet for Princess Elizabeth on the occasion of her marriage.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

That the pulse of loyalty beats healthily in the breasts of our readers is proved by the cataract of sonnets this competition released. But the invitation to it was specifically phrased to exclude the intimate or "the common touch" and this excluded most competitors. It was only to be expected that familiar names should be in the forefront. L. E. J., Pitwob, William Bliss and H. S. Jaffray were the runners-up in a very difficult race. The prizes are divided equally between the first four entries printed. The fifth is included because I imagine it to echo what many felt

Shines not the sunne, and seeme the heavens sad?
Madam, the sunne hath quit his antique spheres.
Gold sovranty is abdicate, and glad
To leave his realme for thine. Forgive the teares
Of Heav'n. The sunne becomes thy subject now,
No more its lord. See what a spheare he gains
—The orb and sceptre of thine eye and brow.
See in what soule the sovran subject reignes.

So meet thy Philip, thy sunne-lover, brought
By love from his gold spheare to thine; and move
The World to marvel at so strange a scene—
For see, where the Sunne's alchemy hath wrought
A metamorphosis. Burned by his love
A Princesse dies, and so there's born a Queene.

R. NOYES

Princess, we wish you well. The world, in fine,
Like some complacent mother, gently beams
On youth with youth conjoined, to nourish dreams
Of happy increase for a royal line.
The Chronicler recalls, as for a sign,
That Tudor Queen, whose fame in history gleams.
Her name you bear, and high in all esteems
As Gloriana, shall your glory shine.

May duty hand in hand with pleasure go,
And private hopes and homely joys atone
For public pomp and ceremonial state.
May time confirm those qualities we know:
Charm in the bride, strong courage for the throne,
And that mild dignity that marks the great.

TOWANBUCKET

To you, how English hearts do strangely warm,
As to your namesake of the Golden Age,
Who, setting sex at naught, took up the gage
And with our sires rode out the Spanish storm.
You, in your day, when Time has kept his norm
And writ your mark upon the Monarch's page,
May find that tyrants darker far do rage
Than e'er encompassed Gloriana's form.
Yet in this hour let omens banished be;
Old truths decried may yet the tempest tame
And launch all men upon a tranquil sea.
Nay, let this omen stand, in Philip's name!
'Gainst one, did Gloriana hold us free;
With one, you shall enrich dear England's fame!

RICHARD POMFRET

Let trumpets sound a flourish! Let a peal
From every steeple shock the vibrant air!
Let choirs, rejoicing, hymn the Nation's weal,
And pray God's blessing on the Royal Pair!
Now Mars his panoply has laid aside,
And o'er his empire gentle Venus reigns;
The Goddess showers her gifts upon the Bride,
While Cupid leads the ardent Groom in chains.
Now gonfalon and pennant stream unfurled
Upon the wind, above the hallowed ground
Of Westminster: while all the listening World
Is linked by bonds invisible of sound.
Then hear the People cry, with every breath:
"God speed to PHILIP and ELIZABETH."

H. A. C. EVANS

Come, Smallbones! Let the trumpets sound
Upon Parnassus. Today Calliope
Should lead the daughters of Mnemosyne
To where Pierian springs do most abound
And epic and heroic arts redound
To this occasion's glory. Royalty
Demands at least an ode. Let us not be
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground
Immured. See what the daily Press can offer,
On its broadest acres spread the scene
Is limned and Fleet Street's pageant radiant shines
Its standard borne by West, its herald Swaffer.
Why, even the *Daily Worker* had twelve lines.
Must we be niggard with a bare fourteen?

G. W. J.

"I'm glad I sent that gift to the Church Army. It means someone is having a happier Christmas."

The Church Army is doing its utmost to help those in need by making this Christmas the best possible for as many as possible.

Will you remember someone in need this Christmas? Please share your happiness by sending a gift to the Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head, The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London W.1

£3,920

FOR *YOU*—AT AGE 55

Suppose you are not over 45, this is the plan (for women it is slightly varied). You make agreed regular monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada. At 55 you will receive £3,920 plus accumulated dividends—or £240 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

£3,000 FOR YOUR FAMILY. Should you not live to age 55, your family will receive £3,000, even if you only live to make one payment.

INCOME TAX SAVED. On every payment to the Company you receive the appropriate rebate of income tax.

Why not write for details suited to your personal requirements? The plan covers all amounts of savings from as little as £1 per month, and the cash or pension can in most cases commence either at 50, 55, 60 or 65. Please state your exact age and occupation.

M. MACAULAY (General Manager for British Isles)

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company)

10, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.

Presents for particular people

May we send you our Christmas Catalogue?

HEAL & SON LTD.

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W.1

HATCHARDS' CHRISTMAS BOOK CATALOGUE

contains gifts for all tastes and ages.

187, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

Tel: REGent 3201-3204.

COWIE

"A great, rumbustious, rip-roaring satire, hysterically funny, on the grand scale," said Margery Allingham in "The Daily Graphic," epitomising the general attitude towards Donald Cowie's new masterpiece **THE RAPE OF MAN, or The Zoo Let Loose.**

Then "Current Literature" said: "It has a part in the anatomy of literature . . . A serious attempt on the permanent"; and the

RAPE OF MAN

said L. P. Hartley definitively in "Time and Tide" is "learned, witty, light in hand, beautifully written, superbly produced, botanically and Zoologically informative. Sentence by sentence it is a joy . . ."

THE RAPE OF MAN, or The Zoo Let Loose, 12s. 6d., by the author of The Indiscretions of an Infant.

THE TANTIVY PRESS - MALVERN

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Liverpool. Applics. invited for follg. posts: (a) Rankin Lectureship (Grade I) in the Prehistoric Archæology of Western Europe at a salary scale of £850–£50–£1,050 p.a. (b) Charles W. Jones Lectureship (Grade II) in Department of Ancient History and Classical Archæology at a salary scale of £500–£25—£625–£25–£800 p.a., with comm. salary to be fixed according to qualifics. and exp. within this range. Applics., stating age, academic qualifics. and exp., together with names of three refs., should be received by Jan. 8, 1948, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom partics. of conditions of appointment may be obtained.

THE Council of Industrial Design require an Assistant for the Training Section. The work of the section is to promote an interest in industrial design throughout the educational system and to improve the training of industrial designers by direct contact with schools and colleges and indirectly through educational administrative bodies. Important qualifics. are exp. in teaching children and adults and a broadly based art training. Salary range £550–£750 (men) and £440–£600 (women). Starting sal. according to exp. Pension scheme. Applics. in writing to Establishment Officer, Council of Industrial Design, Tilbury House, Petty France, London, S.W.1, giving partics. of age, educ. and posts held.

CITY of York. Applics. invited for appointment of Curator of the Castle Museum, York, at salary in accordance with A.P.T. Division Grade V (£460 to £510 p.a.) of scale of salaries of Natl. Joint Council for Local Authorities Admin., etc., Services, plus cost of living bonus (at present £59 16s. p.a.). Appointment is subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, and Conditions of Service of Natl. Joint Council. Exp. in museum work and ability to arrange a Regional Museum having educational value is essential (and the Diploma of the Museums Assoc. or its equiv. will be an adv.). Applics. endorsed "Curator, Castle Museum," setting out exp. and enclosing copies of 2 recent testims., should reach T. C. Benfield, Town Clerk, Guildhall, York, by Dec. 31. Canvassing will disqualify.

B.B.C. invites applics. for Programme Assistants, Hungarian Section, European Services. Work consists principally of translating and broadcasting, and selected candidate will also have opportunities of writing original scripts. Candidates should have a thorough knowledge of Hungarian and speak Hungarian with an acceptable accent. Recent exp. of conditions in Hungary would be considered an advantage. Sal. is in grades rising by annual increments of £30 to £680 and £40 to £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, marked "Hungarian Section N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

ESSEX C.C. County Planning Dept. Applics. invited for appointments on the established staff of the Planning Dept. of the Essex C.C. for 3 Planning Assistants, each at a sal. not exceeding the max. for Grade III A.P.T.D. (£435 p.a.). The persons appointed to these posts will also be paid such war bonus as the Council may, from time to time decide; at present the rate is 23s. p.w. for men and 18s. 6d. p.w. for women. Posts will be situated in different parts of the County, namely, Colchester, Braintree and Leyton stone, and applicants should state their preference for one of these localities. Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will disqualify a candidate. Applics. should be made on forms obtainable from County Planning Adviser, Pearl Assurance Buildings, Chelmsford, to whom they should be returned with copies of not more than 3 testimonials (not returnable) as soon as possible. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chelmsford.

L.C.C. Applics. invited from candidates, pref. chartered librarians, for follg. permanent appointments as Senior Library Assistants at a salary of £375–£25–£550. 1. Man or woman in Education Library at County Hall. Duties will include cataloguing, classification of new additions to the library and maintenance of records of stock, membership and circulation, and such other associated duties as may be assigned from time to time. 2. Woman to take sole charge of administrative and organising work of students' library at Avery Hill Training College, Eltham, S.E.9, and to undertake such other associated duties as may be required from time to time. Separate applic. forms for each position from Education Officer (Estab./2), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), to be returned by Dec. 31. (3594.)

COUNTY Borough of West Ham. Libraries Dept. (a) Cataloguer; (b) Children's Librarian. Applics. invited from Associates of the Library Association for these positions at a sal. in accordance with Grade A.P.T. II of the National Scales of sals., plus London weighting and cost of living bonus. Partics. of the duties and terms of appointment, together with applic. forms (to be returned by Dec. 31), can be obtained from Borough Librarian, Central Library, Water Lane, Stratford, E.15.

SECRETARY reqd. by Technical Managing Director of a well-known firm of clothing manufacturers. Shorthand and typing essential. This post has wide possibilities for suitable applicant. All applications must be in writing. Box 507.

WOMAN Chemistry Graduate. Min. 20 hrs. weekly, reqd. W.1. Write Box 22, c/o Pethick, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St. London, E.C.4.

Appointments Vacant—continued

WEST Riding C.C. The Authority require a Junior Examiner for English, in the County Examination for Selection for Secondary Schools. Person appointed will be reqd. to assist the Chief Examiner in marking and scrutiny: full-time service from about mid-Feb. until the end of June is involved. Some supplementary marking, extending well into the autumn, may possibly be necessary. Candidates must have had considerable teaching exp. and should preferably have had exp. in similar examination work. Applic. form and further partics. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

ELLERSLIE Hall Approved School, Leeds 1. Housemistress reqd. Applicants must be interested in Social Work and in delinquent adolescent girls (ages 15 to 19) of high intelligence. Housemistresses are responsible for the supervision of domestic work, character training, organisation of out-of-school activities and recreation, and their duties would entail some after-care work. Hand work or music an advantage. Salary according to age or qualifics. in accordance with Home Office scale. Minimum (A) Those with recognised qualifics. £290 p.a., rising by annual increments of £15 to £460, less £78 bd.-res.; min. (B) If not holding qualifics. £290 p.a., rising by annual increments to £325, less £78 bd.-res. Write: Headmistress, 3 Cavendish Rd. Leeds 1.

HAMPSHIRE County Council invite applics. for undermentioned appointments at Children's Homes:—Abbey Wells Boys' Home, Woolton Hill, Nr. Newbury: Foster Father, wages 118s. a week; Foster Mother, wages 94s. 6d. a week (joint appointment). Crondall Mixed Homes: Foster Mothers, wages 94s. 6d. a week. Basing Infants' School: Foster Mother, wages 94s. 6d. a week; Assistant Foster Mother, wages 88s. 6d. a week (applicants must have exp. with children aged 3-5 years). Boys' Homes: Assistant Foster Mothers, wages 88s. 6d. a week. In all cases board, lodging, uniform and laundry will be provided in respect of which there will be a deduction in the wages stated above at the rate of 23s. p.w. O. J. A. Carter, Public Assistance Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

WARDEN of working Girls' Hostel with 100 boarders. Residential appointment with private flat. Admin. experience essential. State age and salary reqd. Apply Sec., Shaftesbury House, St. Marys Row, Birmingham.

BERKSHIRE Educ. Ctee. Maidenhead Youth Centre—Girls' Section. The Management Committee invite applics. for post of Club Leader for the Girls' Club of Maidenhead Youth Centre. Salary scale £270–£12–£420 p.a., initial salary being fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Under certain circumstances the post will be superannuable. Forms of application will not be issued but applicants should send full partics. of their age, qualifics. and exp., together with a covering letter to J. A. Baird, Esq., Honorary Secy., Maidenhead Youth Centre Ctee. Guild Hall, Maidenhead, Berks. Applics. to be submitted by Dec. 27.

ASSISTANT Warden required immediately for Hostel and Club. Birmingham. Good residential post. Box 868, 19/21 Corporation St. Birmingham.

DEPUTY Warden, preferably between the ages of thirty and forty, required immediately for experimental Reception Centre for Homeless Children. Salary according to experience. S.R.N. training an advantage. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

ST. Margaret's P.N.E.U. School, Moor Park, Ludlow, Shropshire (Independent Boarding School for 60 girls aged 6-18 years). Wanted for Jan., Assistant Mistress to teach Art and Handwork throughout School. Preparation School Certificate. Handicrafts include sewing and if possible simple dressmaking as well as other handicrafts. Full-time resident, offering some other subject, pref., but wd. consider part-time tchr. for Upper School, involving about 8 teaching hrs. Reply fully: Miss Nugent Thorp, C.M.C. All letters answered.

WELL-estab. activity Infants' School, London area, requires Teacher. Box 239.

OWING to expansion in a Preparatory school, there are vacancies for the following: (a) Junior House Master, (b) Assistant Mistress, Froebel trained. Apply Headmaster, Wester Elchies, Craigellachie, Strathspey.

NATIONAL Union of Students has vacancy for young man with organising ability to start a Publicity and Publications Department. Salary £400 a year. Similar advertisement October resulted in no appointment. New applicants only should apply, stating qualifications, to: 3 Endsleigh St. W.C.1.

JUNIOR shorthand-typists at a comm. salary up to £4 per week according to capabilities and exp., required for London office. Junior clerk (35s. per week) also required. Apply to the Medical Adviser & Secretary, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Sq. W.C.1.

COMPANION-Help reqd. for lady in early 40's, with poor sight, living alone in small modern flat near Brighton, daily help kept. Must be cheerful person not older than 45, able to cook, fond of walking, cinema, reading. Apply Elizabeth Henry, Ltd., 24/30, Gt. Titchfield St. W.1.

ENGLISH girl wanted, au pair, for conversation and English lessons, in French boarding-school. Apply Directrice, Cours Sévigné, Compiègne, Oise, France.

WOMAN to help run farmhouse. Suffolk. Pref. interested books, music. Child no objection. Write BM/MELS, London, W.C.1.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S/Typs., C/Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Exp. temp. shthnd. typs. and telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 95a, Praed St. W PAD. 1123 (8 lines).

Appointments Wanted

CAMBRIDGE hons. grad. Fr. Ger., Psychology, ex-S./Sgt. interpreter, exp. sociol. research, travelled, talent for writing/editing, 33, single, able work hard, seeks post with future, home/overseas. Box 265.

YOUNG lady, 5 yrs. with leading book publishers, sks. lit. work (research/reviews/reports, etc.) to do at home. Box 776.

BUSINESS woman seeks administrative or organising work. Has no degree, but wide practical exp. in responsible paid posts. Excellent testimonials. Temporary or part-time work preferred; organising conferences, exhibitions, etc., but permanent considered. Box 423.

TEACHER, exp., 32, free now, recs. post. Perfect kndge. French. Sport. Box 426.

WOMAN, 38, widely travelled, expd. Editor, Administrator, staff selection and control. Adaptable, energetic and initiative. Sks. interesting responsible work, London. Box 428.

CAPABLE domestic help offered by lady in household where amenities exist for some piano practise (own piano available). In or near Oxford. Box 8841.

CAMBRIDGE M.A., Hons. English, 28, giving up teaching through neurotic disability, wants quiet, self-contained job, secretarial, publishing, etc. Writer. Can type. References to character. Industrious. Box 227.

YOUNG woman, Hons. degree, French, no ties, energetic, adaptable, seeks escape from narrow routine in post giving scope for fluent French (e.g., interpreter). Eager to travel abroad. Box 350.

STUDENT (woman), aged 28, seeks interesting work, preferably in social welfare. Editorial and administrative experience, fluent French, German and Italian. Box 363

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary who speaks and writes English, German and Hungarian, seeks post, by preference in welfare/educational organisation. Box 366.

YOUNG lady, English hons., seeks part-time post, pref. literary nature, London; shorthand typing. Box 396.

WOMAN graduate (22), M.A., English and History, speaking French and German, travelled Europe and America, with full secretarial training and good shorthand speed, desires interesting position at home or abroad. Box No. 75. Pratts, 11 Albert Sq. Manchester.

RESEARCH Work, polit./social/econon.ic/historical, wtd. by woman grad. Box 304.

EXP Housekeeper, excellent cook, offers services to Artist/Linguist for comfortable home, London area for self and daughter 12 yrs. Both intd. art, language, music. Box 309.

A YOUNG Indian student seeks daytime work. Preferably with some progressive literary political journal. Box 327.

LADY experienced teacher, English, Music, French, German, cultured, original and keen. Available for teaching, supervising or coaching, S.E. London or district. Dodwell, 99 Mayow Rd. Sydenham, S.E.26.

YOUNG man, single, well educated, travelled, knowl. accountancy, law, fluent Fr., Ger., Ita., some Swedish; types, drives car, sks. work as private sec., etc. Box 9824.

GERMAN woman grad. (Econ./Pol. Sc.), exp. Soc./Pol. (Soc.-Dem.)/Jrn./Archive/Broadcasting wk., now Berlin Magistrat (Wirtschaftsplaning), gd. written Eng./Fr./Russ., sks. soc. useful job. Mod. sal. Box 8780.

Schools

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

CLASSES held daily by Kindergarten teacher —children 3 to 5½. 64 Seymour St. W.1. Particulars, 'phone AMB. 5124.

DANE Court, Pyrford, Woking, and Dane Court, Whatcombe, Blandford. Prep. Schools for Boys. Same direction, same ideas, sensible discipline, good food. No evg. prep.

ENG. School in Alps. Children fr. 4 to 14 yrs. Fees paid in England. Javelle, Salvan, Switzerland.

LECKHAMPSTEAD Residential Nursery, Reigate, late of Eton Avenue. For particulars 'phone Reigate 3218, principal Mrs. Sas.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

SHERRARDSWOOD School, Welwyn Garden City. Co-educational, accommodating 220, ages 5-18. Boarding house (30 boys, 30 girls), at Digswell Park. Vacancies for a few boarders over 10 years. Apply Headmaster, J. D. Eastwood, M.A. (Oxon.).

Typing, Literary and Translations

THE Dryden Office Service will solve your secretarial problems immediately. Typing, duplicating. Hotel work a speciality. 15 Tavistock St. Covent Garden, W.C.2. Tem. 7237.

DORA Morgan specialises in MSS. Plays, etc. Careful attention to spelling, punctuation. Duplicating—technical, literary and scholastic. Treelands, Warlingham, Surrey. Tel. Up. Wham 2560.

HAZEL Porteous offers a prompt and efficient typewriting service—MSS., Plays, Scripts; etc. 24 Deer Barn Rd. Guildford.

TYPEWRITING, Duplicating, etc., all descriptions promptly and accurately executed. M.L.W., Mon Abri, Langley Grove, New Malden. MAL. 1918.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

EXPERT translation French & German to English. 21s. per thousand words. Testimonials on request. Grace Agnew, M.A., Shevington, Chipperfield, Herts.

Fellowship

OXFORD, Lady Margaret Hall. Susette Taylor Fellowship £150, vacant Oct., 1948. Applics. are invited from women grads. intending to do independent work, preferably involving study abroad. Further partics. from Hall Sec. Applications by Oct. 10.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

DORSET Chambers. Beaut. equip. service rooms, all mod. conven., central. 52/53 Leinster Sq. W.2. BAY. 1665.

CHARMING bed-sit, room, bath, breakfast, linen, service, etc., in newly dec. mod. continental house on bus route. For business gentleman, £3. 'Phone MEA. 1872.

£3 10s. (including heat, light), 2 large furnished rooms, Highgate. Garden, light cooking facilities. Suitable 1/2 single friends. Exchange details: Box 317.

HOME for prof. man, v. large room arr. flatlet, com. furn. (fully excluding linen or partly suit tenant with chattels), use bathroom (Ascot), tel., 3gns. p.w. Hampstead, nr. Finchley Road Tube stn. Box 459.

A NEW house nearing completion. Basingstoke. Architect designed. Detached. Freehold. High position, near station. Waterloo 55 mins. Very large lounge with S. aspect, dining room, 3 bedrms., usual offices. Offers over £3,400. Mansell, 11 Foxglove St. W.12. SHE 3438.

FURN. cottage to let Highlands, Kent, rural, 7 smallish rooms. Maidstone 12, Faversham 6 mls. No lighting. No heating. 10gns. p.w. (Fruitarians 9gns.). BM/BCGX, W.C.

DEVON. Part cottage furnished, 2 sitting, 2 bed (3 beds), all electric kitchen, bath, good garden, garage. Box 427.

COTTAGE by sea, St. Leonard's, charming but very small. Suit artist/writer. Perm./temp. No children. Box 439.

4-BERTH Caravan. To Let, Brighton. Pleasant site 3 miles sea. Calor gas. Water, sanitation. Telephone available. Good bus service. Apply Box 424.

ECONOMIST & student sister desperately nd. unf. sml. flat/lge. rm. Lon. Box 88.

LARGE Studio—Hampstead or N.W. London area. Self-contained if possible. Suitable for business woman. Box 429.

S.W.3 preferred. Unsociable professional woman requires reasonable accommodation Monday to Friday, country produce available. Would listen children evening. Box 404.

AUSTRALIAN Lecturer and wife urg. want accom. within 35 miles City, pref. country. Part/full furnished cott./flat/house. Young, homely, civilized. Box 588.

COTTAGE reqd., May-Sept., '48 S. Eng. Cooper, Kualatrengganu, Malaya.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

WESTON-Super-Mare. Royal Pier Hotel. Super comfort, exceptional amenities and a site just above sea ensure the ideal for winter visits. Most rooms, double & single, private bathrms. Own farm. Fully lic. Tel. 290.

FORTFIELD Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon. Special Winter terms, so luxuriate in perfect comfort for which this hotel has long been noted. Superb sit. Every mod. amenity. Fully licensed. A.A.****. Write terms extended visits. Tel. 903/4.

LONG week-ends and late holidays at Lockner Farm guest house. Chilworth, Guildford, Surrey, one hour from Waterloo, riding stables attached. Telephone Guildford 619871.

TURKEYS, Christmas trees, mince pies, log fires. Comfort. Well stocked club bar. Come and spend Christmas with us. A few rooms left. Xmas Eve to Mon., Dec. 29. From 7gns. Hindlay & Eileen Rea, Crowhurst Park Hotel. Battle 369.

ASHDOWN Forest, 35 miles from London, easy access by bus and train; home produce, informal atmosphere, riding. Terms from 6gns. Kathleen Batten, Old Plaw Hatch Hotel and Country Club, Sharpthorne, East Grinstead. Tel. Sharpthorne 17.

THATCHED cott. Guest Hse., country hls. Bus Camb 6 m. Haines, Eversden, Cambs.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon, mod. comfort; fishing, tennis; splendid centre on main line from Paddington. Tel. Kingham 209.

WHY Winter at Home?—when you can enjoy the Highland hospitality of this up-to-date Hotel, beautifully set close to Loch Lomond—a rich cuisine and well-stocked cellar—centrally heated rooms and cheery lounges with log fires. Buchanan Arms, Drymen, Stirlingshire. Drymen 10.

LAKE District, Irton Hall, Holmbrook, Gateway Eskdale, Wasdale, nr. Seascale, 18-hole golf course, from 5gns.

TORQUAY.—Bute Court Hotel. Management who take pride in comfort and welfare of their visitors. An hotel ideally situated almost on level overlooking sea with mod. amenities, cent. htg., games and billiard rooms. Terms from 4 gns. Tel. 3771.

NEW Forest. Find rest and healing in a simple natural life. Short or long stay. Food reform. Olive Schaffer, Romany Tan, The Ridge, Godshill, Nr. Fordingbridge.

BUDLEIGH Salterton, Blueberry Downs Hotel. Spend some care-free months in this small hotel-de-luxe facing south and sea. Cent. htg. all rooms. Vi-spring beds. Self-contained suite. Tel. 505

THURLESTONE Hotel, Thurlestone, S. Devon. Overlooks sea in delightful extensive grounds. Every room incl. 120 bedrooms furnished for perfect comfort. Cent. htg. Billiards, Squash, Badminton, Tennis, Golf, Riding. Fully lic. Write winter terms/spec. Xmas prog. Tel. 82/84.

WAYFARER'S Restaurant and Cafe Continental, 20 Granville Pl., Orchard St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 5125. Open noon till 10 p.m. Lunches. Teas. Dinners. No house chges. Excel. Continental cuisine and Patisseries from own bakery. Tables bookable for dinners.